LOOKING FORWARD

FABLE has invested the ostrich with a characteristic familiar to us all. Confronted with an unpleasant emergency, this bird is popularly supposed to hide his head in the sand. He says nothing, does nothing. He assigns no intellectual explanation for his act. He doesn't have to. For his emotions are such that he doesn't care to know what is actually going on around him.

HUMANITY, too, is cursed with this same affliction. Faced with unpleasant circumstances from which there is no running away many people practice the equivalent of burying their heads in the sand. They refuse to face the obvious facts. They prefer to go about their business as usual, hoping that matters will clear up and the unpleasant ogre go away by itself.

WHERE nations are concerned, the threat of an enemy in time of war, blazoned in scareheads in the newspapers of the land, serve to reduce to the minimum the number of ostrich citizens. The enemy, these citizens are aware, will not go away by himself. He must be disposed of, if destruction is not to overtake the country almost instantly. A greater fear thus operates to drive away a lesser fear, and the ostrich impulse is rudely shattered. With its departure arrives the mighty energy of a nation at war.

IN PEACE times, however, and particularly in times of business depression, no such active agent is at hand to prod the people into action. At first, those who urge proper measures are denounced as political agitators, enemies of the administration in power, destroyers of business or at best impractical victims of hysteria. The national impulse is to bury the nation's head in the sand and wait for the ogre to go away, meanwhile paying as little attention to him as possible. Only when the ogre begins biting people does the nation yank the heads of these same citizens from the sands and take vigorous action. Today, the ogre of business depression is beginning to bite the people of the United States. The magnitude of our disaster is not yet anything like the size European observers say and think it is. It is still time to do something effective about it. But an ostrich policy is no longer possible for any one, no matter how costly that person feels an abandonment of his attitude may be.

IN THIS issue the OUTLOOK vigorously supports the movement initiated by the Emergency Committee for Federal Public Works of New York City, which called for a one billion dollar "Prosperity Loan." Our reasons are set forth on the editorial page. No one knows how long this depression will last. The time has come for adequate action.

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY.

OUTLOOK
and Independent

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Russia as a Business Rival, by Guy Greer.
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The Searchlight on Our Banks, by Frederick R. Barkley.
An analysis of bank failures and other events which impel Congress toward an investigation of our banking system.

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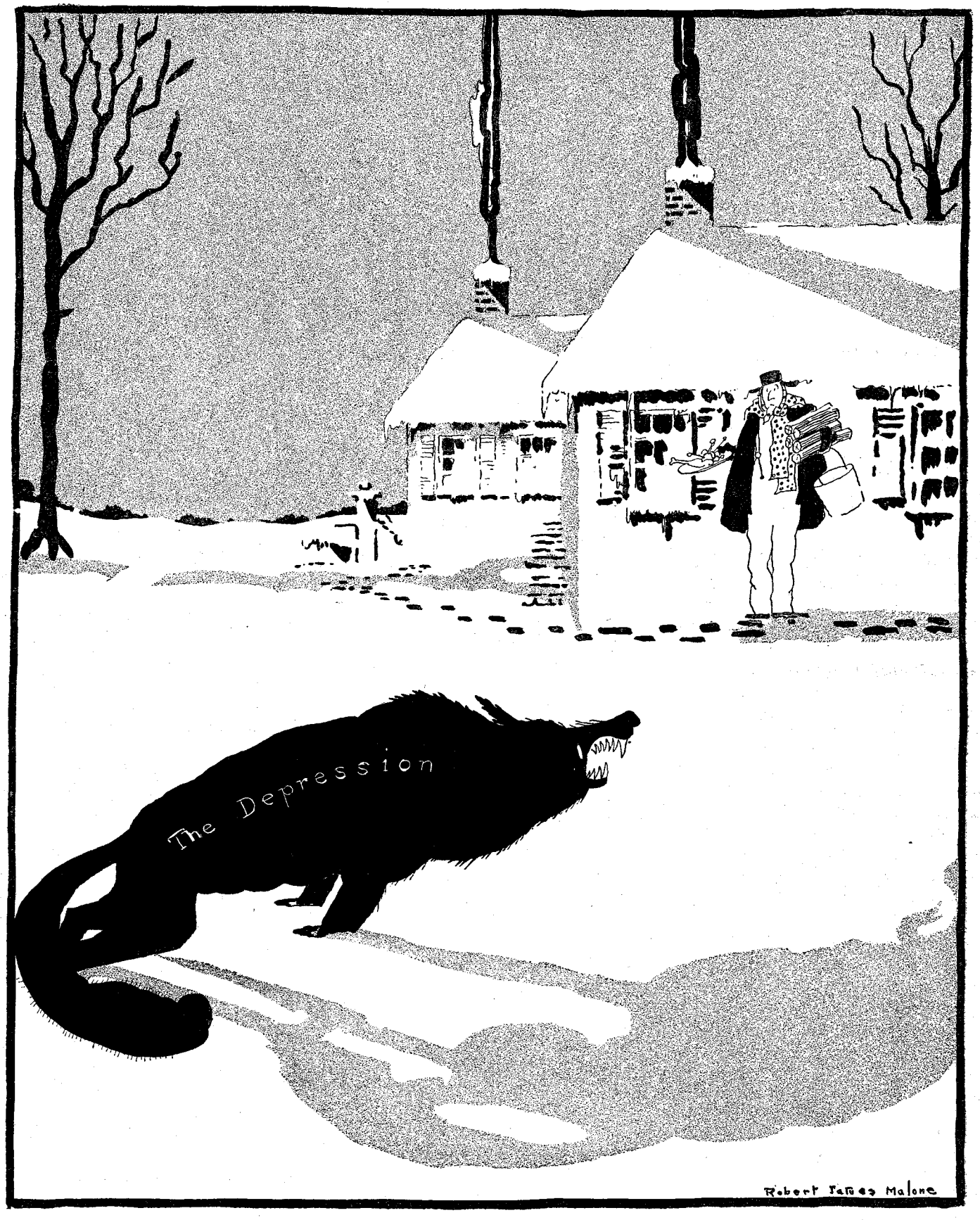

MUST WE DOMESTICATE THE CRITTER?

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OUTLOOK
and Independent

January 14, 1931

The Trend of Events

"None So Blind—"

IT IS announced at the Federal Census Bureau that unemployed street-corner apple-sellers will be listed as employed in the census to be launched on January 15 in twenty representative cities. Read this announcement carefully, note that it is not intended as a joke but is made in deadly seriousness, and stop wondering how it happens that the government's figures on unemployment are always lower than the figures of any one else.

Uprising in Arkansas

THE FARMERS of Senator Robinson's home county, Lonoke, in central Arkansas have given the first touch of violence to the current depression. Swarming into the little trading town of England, twenty miles from Little Rock, three hundred of them threatened to loot the stores unless they were given "food for our starving families." Many of the farmers were armed. A few were said to be impostors. Yet most of them were reputable citizens who had fairly prospered on their rich cotton land until last summer's drought cut Arkansas cotton, corn and fruit crops to a fraction of their normal size.

The farmers live in a state in which the Red Cross is already feeding many thousands of people. They came to a town heavily stricken by both drought and depression. They demanded food from merchants whose bills were uncollected and whose bank was one of the ninety-seven to fail in Arkansas during 1930. They met soothing speeches with interruptions, some of them pleading, some threatening, all determined to get what they wanted. "We want food," one farmer exclaimed. "We are not going to let our children starve," cried another. Others shouted that "we are not beggars. Our children are crying for food and we are going to get it."

The picture is no less striking because the farmers got some food—each received three dollars' worth, supplied by the merchants on the authorization of the Red Cross—and went home without looting. While no state has been more heavily stricken than Arkansas, the scene at England lends force to Senator Robinson's Christmas Day statement that the efforts of Congress to relieve the distress resulting from drought and unemployment had been inadequate. It also serves dramatic notice on the country that all public and private attempts to meet the present crisis have been strikingly insufficient.

On the Calendar

IN THE EIGHTEEN legislative days before it adjourned on December 20 Congress acted quickly, though far from wisely. In the legislative days before it expires on March 4 there will be equal occasion for Congress to act quickly and even greater necessity for it to act wisely. In fact, the program which confronted Congress when it reconvened on January 5 outweighed in scope and importance all of the pre-holiday legislation involving the confirmation of Mr. Hoover's nominations to the Federal Power Commission and the authorization of 116 million dollars to accelerate federal construction projects so as to increase employment, of 45 millions to be loaned to farmers in drought areas and of 150 millions for the Farm Board.

Of first magnitude in the post-holiday program are the eleven appropriation measures and the five bills of Senator Wagner, which form a permanent program for preventing and relieving unemployment. Highly controversial are the bills which would dispose of the Muscle Shoals problem, either by government operation or sale or lease of the government's power plants; those which would provide for cash payments on the World War veterans' adjusted service certificates, and those which would eliminate "lame-duck" sessions of Congress, establish a 44-hour week for federal employees and create an anti-injunction law. Cutting through this program is the prospect of debate on the Wickersham prohibition report. Moreover, further debate and delay may arise from efforts to provide farm relief through embargoes or debentures, to recall the Senate's confirmation of the Power Board nominees and to investigate or halt the proposed railway merger setting up four gigantic systems in the East.

Regular Democrats and regular Republicans alike persist in their determination to avoid a special session, which insurgent Republicans may decide to seek by means of a filibuster. Yet the importance, scope and controversial nature of the measures before Congress make it impossible for all of them to be thoroughly considered in fifty-one days. Some of them will have to be dropped. The best we can hope for is that, on those which remain, Congress will show reasonably great speed and not unreasonably small wisdom.

One-Man Job-Stabilizer

IN ROBERT F. WAGNER New York has contributed to the nation one of the comparatively few Senators worthy of a seat in the Senate. This fact has become steadily clearer since Senator Wagner's election in 1926. It has be-

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come clear beyond dispute since the beginning of the present depression, whose consequences seem to have affected Senator Wagner more deeply, and moved him to more intelligent action, than has been the case with any other legislator in the land.

Senator Wagner's unemployment program, sound as a whole, however arguable in details, is now a well-rounded product. One trouble with plans for relieving unemployment has been that we have never known exactly how much unemployment there was to relieve. To correct this, Senator Wagner introduced a bill, enacted by the last session of Congress, providing for the collection of unemployment statistics.

Once we know where we're at, we can take steps to mitigate unemployment, in part by the construction of public works. Senator Wagner's second bill therefore provides for a public works program, prepared six years in advance, to be put under way whenever industry slackens. With employment available, the worker must be brought into touch with the job. Hence a third Wagner bill provides for a nation-wide system of unemployment exchanges.

Even with a public works program in full operation, there will remain the necessity for unemployment insurance, which now covers but 100,000 or so of America's 23,000,000 wage earners. To stimulate the creation of unemployment insurance funds, Senator Wagner sponsors a measure exempting all contributions to these funds, whether by employers or employees, from federal taxation. He also fathers a bill declaring that the federal government will contribute to unemployment insurance funds a third of the amount contributed by any state. Finally, so that we may know which unemployment insurance plans are best adapted to American needs, he asks for a congressional committee to study all public and private forms of wage insurance in and out of the United States.

The Wagner program is based on the humane idea of preventing distress and on the economic idea of maintaining purchasing power. Its breadth and depth may not, but certainly should, insure its hearty approval by Congress.

▶▶*Reports on Prohibition*

THREE MONTHS AGO America's best-known bootlegger, George L. Cassiday ("The Man in the Green Hat"), told readers of the New York *Evening World* how he had been selling liquor to United States Senators and Representatives for nearly ten years. Now, writing in the New York *Morning World,* Aldys F. Larimer, prohibition snooper, describes her experience in Washington during the six months extending from May 17 to November 26, 1930.

La Larimer—a thoughtful lady, given to the use of her brains in meditation, as, she tells us, she is given to the use of her lovely feet in bar-room brawls incident to her profession—could not snoop through Washington's innumerable gin-mills for six months without coming to certain conclusions. What she has concluded is what any one must conclude who studies the facts of

Price Studio

INFORMER

Aldys F. Larimer, Washington agent of the Bureau of Prohibition

the prohibition situation without prejudice. Washington, she says, is wringing wet; efforts at enforcement in the national capital are "the feeblest I have ever seen;" attempts to enforce the dry laws "all end in futility—especially in Washington."

We suggest that, if the Wickersham Prohibition Commissioners have not completed their work by the time this reaches them, they throw their report away and submit instead a memorandum consisting of the Larimer and Cassiday articles. We suggest that the commissioners simply add one question to the memorandum and then pause for reply. The question would be: "If prohibition cannot be enforced in Washington, home of the Federal Prohibition Bureau, how in blazes can it be enforced in the nation as a whole?"

▶▶*"Plainly Untenable"*

THE brief filed by the government in the United States Supreme Court squarely challenges Judge Clark's decision of December 16 holding the Eighteenth Amendment invalid. Counsel for the government recognize that "the single question is whether the Eighteenth Amendment, which was proposed by Congress for ratification by the legislatures of the states and was ratified by three-fourths thereof, is void because not ratified by conventions." Judge Clark had held that, in the case of amendments surrendering powers of the states or the people to the federal government, the convention method of ratification was dictated by the principles of political science.

The government's brief quotes Article 5 of the Constitution, which recites that amendments shall be valid "when ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several states, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof, as the one or the other mode of ratification may be proposed by the Congress." It hardly needs to add that Article 5 grants Congress the power to determine which of the alternative modes of ratification should be adopted. The language of the article, it points out, "is clear and entirely free from ambiguity." It therefore submits that, "in the face of the unequivocal language by which that grant is conferred, the grounds upon which the court [presided over by Judge Clark] based its decision are plainly untenable."

This reasoning, worse luck, is immediately convincing. It knocks Judge Clark's decision galley-west. As Professor Howard L. McBain of Columbia puts it, "The chances that the Supreme Court of the United States will accept Judge Clark's 'scientific' approach to the Constitution are as slight as the oft-mentioned chances of a snowball in the nether regions."

▶▶*Railway Consolidation*

IT IS a far cry from the President Roosevelt of 1902, halting the schemes of E. H. Harriman and James J. Hill to merge western railways, to the President Hoover of late 1930, suggesting that eastern railroad executives reopen their conferences on consolidation, announcing their agreement from the White House and endorsing their plan to group all eastern railroads, except those in New England, into four

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great systems. The railroads situation has changed since Roosevelt's time. Between 1902 and 1930 came war-time government operation of the railroads and the transportation (Esch-Cummins) act of 1920, which returned the roads to their owners and ordered the Interstate Commerce Commission to prepare a plan under which all the nation's railroads might voluntarily consolidate into a limited number of balanced systems. Today, ten years later, consolidation has yet to be converted from an aim into an actuality.

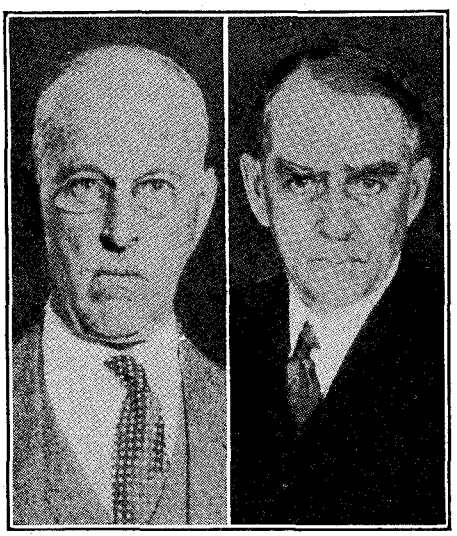
The primary obstacle to the conversion has lain in the east, as Mr. Hoover realized. No consolidation plan was worth the paper it was written on until it had been approved by the executives of the eastern, or trunk-line, territory, which with the New England, the southern and the western territories constitutes the railroad map of the I. C. C. This approval was not forthcoming during the ten years in which the commission busied itself with drawing plans for consolidation. Eastern objections destroyed the basic plan prepared for the commission by Professor William Z. Ripley of Harvard. They did the same for every other plan suggested by the commission or by ambitious railroad executives, such as Leonor F. Loree, individualistic ruler of the little Delaware & Hudson. In the end they left the railroads cold to the "final plan" prepared a year ago by the Interstate Commerce Commission itself.

Consolidation offered great advantages but also great dangers to the dominant eastern railroads, the Pennsylvania and New York Central, each of which feared the other and was loath to have minor competitors consolidated into formidable rivals. The eastern territory is a rich one, well worth fighting over. Its 58,000 miles of trackage (under fifty Class I railroads and 200 lesser lines) extend from the Atlantic seaboard to Chicago and St. Louis and from Canada to the Ohio. They cover the nation's most industrialized states, tap the richest coal fields and connect most of our largest cities. Thus the primary jealousy over the Chicago-New York traffic was complicated by clashing desires to acquire the short-line coal carriers, some overlapping into West Virginia.

Contrasting with the lukewarmness toward consolidation shown by Presidents Atterbury of the Pennsylvania and Crowley of the New York Central was the ambition of Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore & Ohio, and of the Van Sweringen brothers of the Nickel Plate. Both Willard and the Van Sweringens grasped at consolidation as a means of building their systems to first ranking. Through the years they kept plugging away, alternately dickering with Atterbury and Crowley, constantly encountering disputes which held up the entire program for nation-wide consolidation. The ultimate agreement came with unexpected suddenness.

➤➤*Its Significance*

A STRIKING feature of the four-group plan endorsed by President Hoover is that it was formulated by the eastern railroads which had been blocking the way to nation-wide consolidation. Discarding the Interstate Commerce Commission's final plan for five eastern systems (the projected fifth, or Wabash-Seaboard group, was geographically strong but financially weak), Atterbury, Willard, Crowley and the Van Sweringens simply piled all the eastern railroads into four heaps on top of their own systems. How these executives came to agree in a few weeks after disagreeing for ten years is a question. Perhaps the answer lies in presidential propulsion. Perhaps their pace was quickened by decreased railroad revenues and by increased competition from pipe lines, motor carriers and water carriers. Perhaps they remembered that, as Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Hoover had declared that, if the railroads did not consolidate voluntarily, they should be forced to consolidate. What is obvious is that in constructing their plan the executives did handsomely by their own roads.



Wide World

RAILROADERS

Presidents W. W. Atterbury of the Pennsylvania and Patrick E. Crowley of the New York Central

By the new grouping the New York Central acquires the Lackawanna, thereby getting a southerly and more direct route from New York to Buffalo. On the other hand, the Van Sweringens' Nickel Plate-Chesapeake & Ohio group secures the Lehigh route to New York, while the B. & O. makes way into New York City by acquiring the Reading and the Central of New Jersey. Although the Pennsylvania gets no such prize in the Wabash, its strength would be considerably increased should arbitrators allow its claim for trackage rights over the Nickel Plate and Lehigh lines. Other acquisitions account for 20,000 miles of trackage, but these few are the major ones. They suggest how the plan may lead to efficiency of operation by straightening the main lines from New York to Chicago.

Yet none of the projected acquisitions suggest how the plan can be what Mr. Hoover terms "a contribution to the recovery of business by enlarging opportunity for employment and by increasing the financial stability of the railways." Certainly they do not increase the amount of freight to be hauled. Moreover, by increasing efficiency they may result in decreasing employment, as the labor unions appear to perceive. Nor can any immediate employment arise from the electrification of parts of the roads or the development of terminals, though the B. & O. and Nickel Plate groups dream of a New York terminal costing 400 million dollars.

As noted, one sizeable dispute awaits arbitration. After that, approval of the plan must be secured from the Interstate Commerce Commission, which is not remarkable for speed. Even then, executives of the four major systems will have to spend months purchasing the other railroads. These obstacles cannot be cleared away in a day, a month or a year. Whatever construction work may develop from the merger need not be expected to come in time to ameliorate the present unemployment crisis. The consolidation plan must be viewed as a long-time move designed eventually to increase efficiency, improve service and reduce rates. It is hard to see how it can have important relation to the revival of business.

➤➤*Mussolini's Message*

RADIO conditions were favorable for Premier Mussolini's broadcast from Italy to the United States on New

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Year's Day, yet the address made no great impression. Why? Doubtless because American auditors felt that the speaker was not sincere.

Possibly the speech was a bit weak in its assurance that Italy "never will take the initiative in starting a war," since nowadays, believe it or not, no nation ever fights anything but a strictly defensive war to protect its liberty, its hearths, its homes, its very life, the honor of its womanhood and the future of its millions yet unborn. But considered as a whole, and considered by itself, the speech was all that could be desired. "Neither I nor my government nor the Italian people desire to bring about war," said Mussolini flatly. "Even if it were to arise between two countries only, a war nowadays inevitably would become a general war. Civilization itself would be endangered. New discoveries of science would make war even more dreadful than the last. The danger of death would not be reserved for the fighters, but whole populations would be imperiled without the possibility of effective protection." Contrary to widespread rumors, he said, Fascism is not a danger to the peace of the world. Italy needs peace and Fascism desires it.

If this reassuring message failed to reassure, it was because America has a memory. It remembers all too well that during the past year Mussolini has made other speeches of an entirely different character. Hence it has concluded that the Premier talks peace for foreign consumption, but for home consumption comes as close to talking war as any present-day statesman dares to. Mussolini may hope for peace as ardently as he says. But his contradictory speeches have left him at a point where he must do far more than talk about his desire for peace to prove it.

▸▸*George in the Movies*

THOUGH he has shifted allegiance from President Hoover of the U. S. A. to President Zukor of Paramount Publix, George Akerson has not made such a radical change at that. His service as the President's secretary has required him to be both buffer and glad-hander, publicist and pussyfooter, functions as essential in sound movies as they are in sound politics. Maybe the chief difference is that Mr. Zukor can afford $30,000 for such a functionary, whereas Mr. Hoover can afford only a third as much.

Promises of friendly presidential relations with press and politicians when Akerson was made secretary were never quite borne out. Though a breezy, bountiful, bubbling person, George soon wearied of politicians seeking favors. Hence he was sometimes curt, or, seeking to stave off the evil moment, he would promise and then forget. Some of the consequent grumblings undoubtedly reached the ears of Mr. Hoover, who, as it happens, is a close friend of Mr. Zukor.

As for the ill-will between the White

Acme

GREAT NORDIC MONSOON
The breezy George Akerson, retiring as secretary to President Hoover

House and the press, some of the blame for that must fall on the President himself, who kept his confidences for other members of his famed secretariat. George, nevertheless, was apt to divulge information even when he did not have it. When his inside stuff pointed one way and Mr. Hoover's actions another, the President was accused of vacillation and his secretary of ignorance. It did not help any when, only a few hours before Mr. Hoover named Charles Evans Hughes as Chief Justice, newspapers carried word that the job would go to Associate Justice Stone.

In other phases of his service to Mr. Hoover, "Gorgeous George" was a howling success. It was he who unlocked Mr. Hoover's door when the President was Secretary of Commerce, thereby opening countless vistas of publicity. Later, during the pre-convention campaign and the presidential contest itself, Akerson furnished the beaming smile and slap on the back so woefully needed in the Hoover entourage. Surrounded mostly by the so-called "boy scouts," Mr. Hoover had in Akerson a political realist who could grin as he brought bad news. Of late, however, even George has found grins hard to come by. It may be that he has turned to darkened cinemas as a relief from the darker White House. Remembering his grand manner—even when he owned a Chevrolet he had a chauffeur—it is easy to believe him when he says that his luxurious new job will be congenial.

▸▸*Roosevelt Strategy*

THE MOVES AND COUNTER-MOVES in New York State politics can be attributed to the fact that Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt stands squarely in line for the Democratic nomination for President in 1932. In our last issue of 1930 we noted that the Republican strategy would be to expose Tammany's every shenanigan and then tie Governor Roosevelt to the Hall so that voters could not think of one without thinking of the other. We also intimated that Mr. Roosevelt might be expected to separate himself as far from Tammany as he could without losing its votes.

The Governor's appointment of Thomas F. Behan as State Superintendent of Insurance is a case in point. It is said that John F. Curry, leader of Tammany Hall, would have liked to control this position, but that his appointees were rejected in favor of Behan. This is taken to indicate that Mr. Roosevelt was in earnest when he said that he would make his own selection of members of his cabinet.

Corporation Counsel Hilly of New York City gave Mr. Roosevelt the next chance to cut a string in the tie that binds him to the Tiger. Mr. Hilly is a member of Tammany and a buddy of Boss Curry. Naturally, he lost no love on the Appellate Division's sensational inquiry into New York's magistrate courts, which was urged by Mr. Roosevelt last August when he heard intimations that Tammany had perfected a system of selling judgeships. As the inquiry drew more and more black lines

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across municipal departments, Mr. Hilly ruled that the city would not pay the salaries of lawyers aiding in the investigation. When Samuel Seabury, referee of the inquiry, sought to compel payment of the salaries, Mr. Hilly proclaimed that the inquiry was "unconstitutional, invalid and void." Whereupon Mr. Roosevelt declared that the investigation would continue uninterruptedly along the lines already laid down "even if it becomes necessary for me to request further legislation for that purpose."

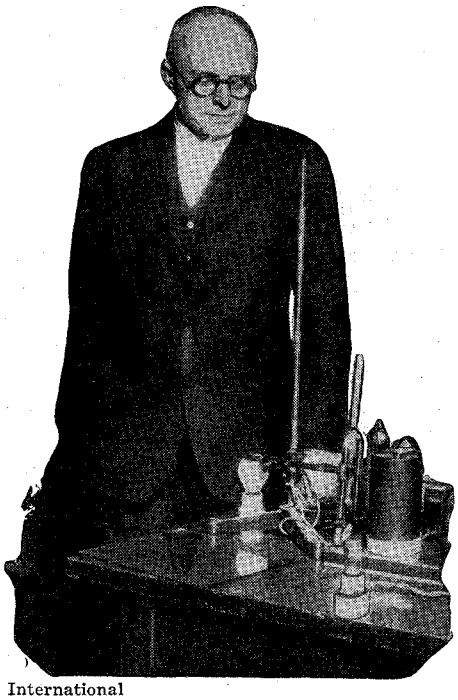
Three days later Supreme Court Justice Callahan squelched the Corporation Counsel by directing the city to pay the salaries under dispute. This decision may be applauded, though it displeased connoisseurs of politics who were smacking their lips over the prospect of a Roosevelt-Tammany fight in the state legislature.

▶▶*Republican Strategy*

CONNOISSEURS of politics enjoyed themselves again on January 4 when the Republican State Committee recommended a legislative investigation of all departments of the New York City government. Although the recommendation is part of the general Republican strategy of embarrassing Governor Roosevelt, it differs strikingly from the tactics employed by the Republicans last year when their major objective was to prevent Roosevelt's re-election as governor.

In 1930 the Republican-controlled legislature passed a bill empowering Mr. Roosevelt to appoint a commission to investigate the New York City administration. With the primary and election approaching, this bill was obviously designed to put the governor in a dilemma. He stood to lose Tammany support by appointing the commission and public support by failing to appoint it. That, at least, was the plan. Governor Roosevelt thereupon vetoed the bill, rebuked the Republican majority for playing cheap politics and declared that the legislature possessed all the necessary power to order an inquiry on its own account. But in 1930 the Republican majority in the legislature refused to follow this course—precisely the course now recommended by the Republican State Committee.

This change in Republican tactics offers but one explanation. In 1930 the Republicans thought it advisable to put Governor Roosevelt in a hole and unnecessary to furnish case-hardened New Yorkers with fresh Tammany scandals. In other words they wanted their bill for an investigation. The election last November changed the situation, not so much because Roosevelt's tremendous majority showed a flaw in the Republican strategy as because it made Roosevelt the outstanding candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. Hence for Republicans bent on preventing Roosevelt's nomination and election it became all-important to tell impressionable voters of the South and West exactly what Tammany had been up to. Who orders the inquiry makes no difference now. It's the inquiry itself that matters.



International

WEIGHED THE EARTH
Paul R. Heyl, physicist at United States Bureau of Standards

▶▶*Earth-weigher Heyl*

ON AND OFF for the past seven years a man given to wing-tipped collars and a friendly smile has sat in a Washington dungeon forty feet below ground, weighing the earth. The other day he told the Cleveland meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science how he did it. No matter what else Paul R. Heyl does, "he weighed the earth" will follow him through life and doubtless beyond. "Here lies Paul R. Heyl, physicist. He weighed the earth."

Physicists call it "redetermining the Newtonian constant of gravitation." But weighing the earth is the long and short of it, even if the sloppiness of a merely approximate term does make the pedant wince. If the physicist says, as Doctor Heyl does, that the result of seven years' experimentation is 6.670×10^{-8} cm ^{3} g $^{-1}$ sec. $^{-2}$, that is his scientific shorthand for "The earth weighs 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons."

How did he do it, this man who weighed the earth? What scales did he use and what did he rest them on? The "scales" were a pair of two-ounce spheres of metal and near them a pair of 140-pound weights. The trick was turned by infinitely painstaking delicacy of measurement coupled with a simple mathematical formula which connects the attraction of the 140-pound weights for the two-ounce spheres and the attraction of the earth for the 140-pound weights. Everything attracts everything else—that was one of Newton's famous laws. Just as the sun attracts the earth, so two steamships a few feet apart attract each other by their own gravitation to the extent of a few ounces. For these few ounces substitute the almost infinitely smaller forces between the weights employed in the experiment and you have what Heyl so accurately measured. His apparatus is so excessively refined that a daily variation of temperature of a degree or so would render the findings false. Hence the deep dungeon. There is little variation in temperature forty feet below ground.

What Heyl has done is to add one more split hair of precision to a determination that the great Newton made two centuries ago with an accuracy of one part in 1,000 and later workers of one part in 60,000. Incidentally, he has reduced the weight of the earth one-tenth of one per cent. Who cares? Astronomers, mainly, and engineers, since so many other things depend upon this one. Physicists also want to know about it. Physicists have a passion for knowing things.

▶▶*Success Story*

THE year 1930 did not close without adding another short chapter to Seymour Parker Gilbert's success story. On December 31, J. P. Morgan & Co. issued the following communiqué: "Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. announce that Mr. S. Parker Gilbert will become a member of their firm on Jan. 2, 1931."

Many a young executive must have noted this announcement with despair. Mr. Gilbert can scarcely realize how

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many inferiority complexes he has created in the minds of young American business men. He is so much that they

International

ONE OF THE NINETEEN
S. Parker Gilbert becomes partner in J. P. Morgan and Company

want to be, so much that they cannot seem to be. They can no more imitate him than they can help contrasting his progress with their own.

What shall it profit a young man to become assistant sales manager of the Better Buttonhook Company at twenty-seven, when he realizes that at twenty-seven Mr. Gilbert was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury? Or to become sales manager at thirty-two, when he recalls that at thirty-two Mr. Gilbert was Agent General for Reparation Payments? Or to become chairman of the Better Buttonhook's board of directors at thirty-nine, when he notes that at thirty-nine Mr. Gilbert has become one of the nineteen Morgans? Nor does it help him in the slightest to be told that, if Mr. Gilbert had preferred not to accept this position in the financial world, he could have had almost any other which suited his fancy.

Mr. Gilbert got off to an early start. Son of a New Jersey State Legislator, he was graduated from grammar school with honors at the age of eleven, from high school with honors at the age of fifteen, from Rutgers with honors at the age of nineteen, and from Harvard Law School with honors at the age of twenty-three. He then joined the New York law firm of Cravath and Henderson, which he left to serve as an attorney on the Treasury Department's war loan staff, later as Assistant Secretary and finally as Under-Secretary, a position second only to Secretary Mellon's. In 1923 he returned to his New York law firm, but left it again in the following year for Berlin and the "greatest receivership in the history of the world." After nearly six years in Germany, he returned home last June, four months before his thirty-ninth birthday. It is a fair question to ask how long it will be before what President makes Mr. Gilbert Secretary of the Treasury.

▶▶*Marines in Nicaragua*

THE death of eight United States marines in an ambuscade in northern Nicaragua has re-created agitation for the withdrawal of American troops. The occupation involves three American policies: our Latin-American policy of intervening to protect the lives and property of our nationals and those of other countries whose governments we will not allow to intervene; our peculiarly Central-American policy of refusing to recognize governments set up by revolution, and our Nicaraguan policy, whereby we have quartered marines in that republic for all but one of the past twenty years. It should be recalled that Nicaragua was quickly stirred into a tempest following the brief withdrawal of our troops in 1925 and that order was not restored until 1927, when the Liberal General, Moncada, disbanded his revolutionary army on receiving Henry L. Stimson's pledges to supervise the 1928 election, disarm all Nicaraguans and organize a Nicaraguan national guard. The question today is not our general attitude toward Nicaragua but what progress we have made in redeeming these pledges, which, of course, must be redeemed in full.

One pledge was redeemed when the marines supervised the election which elevated Moncada to the presidency in 1928. There is no valid argument for the occupation in the fact that Moncada and his Conservative opponents requested and secured American supervision of the congressional elections in 1930 or in the fact that they request American supervision of the presidential election in 1932. Obviously, the United States should not make a permanent policy of policing foreign elections.

Two pledges remain. While the marines have developed a Guardia Nacional 1,850 strong, there are conflicting reports regarding its ability to maintain order in the event of American withdrawal. Moreover, the bloody ambuscade at Aschuapa is ample proof of the failure of the marines and the Guardia Nacional to eliminate bandits and guerillas—hence, ample proof that the populace has not been disarmed. The swampy, mountainous and thickly wooded nature of the northern terrain, the political support accorded Sandino and other outlaw leaders by the Hondurans and the poverty of the people make this a long-time job. Consequently, the American policy has been to use the marines to train and support the Guardia Nacional in its vigorous anti-bandit movement, at the same time cutting the number of marines from 5,000 in 1929 to about 1,200 at the beginning of 1931. If it is clear that all the marines should be withdrawn as soon as possible, it is equally clear that not all of them can be withdrawn just now.

▶▶*Panama Follows Suit*

THE NEW YEAR was scarcely a day old when the Republic of Panama overturned its government by revolution, thereby emulating the six other Latin-American countries in which governments had toppled during 1930. Like the successful revolutions in Bolivia, Peru, Argentina, Brazil, Guatemala and the Dominican Republic, the revolt in Panama is attributed to the dictatorial

Harris & Ewing

PANAMANIAN PRESIDENT
Ricardo J. Alfaro summoned to head his country's new government

air of the President and to economic depression, which fostered political disaffection. There had been no revolution

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in Panama since 1903, when the country cut loose from Colombia in order that the United States might build the Panama Canal. Yet the comic-opera dispatch of the uprising was paralleled only in Guatemala, which changed governments in mid-December after half an hour of street fighting.

On the morning of January 2, one hundred revolutionaries in Panama City rushed homes of members of the government and attacked the central police station, headquarters of Panama's only armed forces. Brandishing rifles, pistols and machetes, wearing anything from soiled linen to blue dungarees, they advanced on the President's palace, created a panic among his white cranes and dainty egrets, overcame the guards, swarmed through the butler's pantry and collared President Arosemena in his own bedroom. Within a few hours Arosemena had gone into exile in the Canal Zone and Senor Harmodio Arias had been proclaimed Provisional President by the Panama Supreme Court. By nightfall Panama City was quiet, with eight policemen and two civilians dead and red-shirted, black-helmeted firemen on guard. Meanwhile the Supreme Court had cabled a call to the Presidency to Ricardo J. Alfaro, Panama's Minister at Washington.

While Dr. Alfaro stood in Washington's good graces, recognition of his régime was further simplified by the fact that Panama was not a party to the anti-revolution treaty of the five other Central-American republics, which has the approval of the United States. Hence the Panamanian revolutionaires had merely to convince the United States of the stability of their new government. No doubt it is as stable as most Latin-American governments, though that is rather faint praise.

▶▶*About Autos*

THE THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL National Automobile Show opened in New York with realistic pessimism. There were the usual first-day crowds swarming into Grand Central Palace. They saw the usual magnificent displays, autos sleeker and more streamlined than ever, with lower runningboards, higher radiators and more novel novelties. They were quoted somewhat lower prices for somewhat better cars and offered faster models which made less noise. Yet with all the salesroom talk and newspaper publicity the show brought no confidence that 1931 would produce more sales than 1930.

The past year was bad enough for the automobile business, which employs one-tenth of the workers of the United States. Some 3,500,000 motor vehicles were manufactured in this country and Canada in 1930; their wholesale value was $2,159,000,000. Some 5,621,000 were manufactured in 1929; their wholesale value was $3,576,000,000. Since these figures take no account of automobile sales, they may only in part suggest the extent of the slump. Yet there are certain factors which indicate that 1931, rather than 1930, will show automobile sales at rock bottom.

In 1930, especially during the first few months, there were thousands of Americans who had not realized the extent of the depression signalized by the stock market crash in the fall of 1929. Furthermore, there were unnumbered thousands who until the closing week of 1930, continued to live at a pace dictated by the psychology of 1929. These individuals may not be much in evidence during 1931. There cannot be a corporal's guard still unaware of the fact that the depression is serious. As for the psychology of 1929—as for that, there isn't any of it left. Again, 1931 may be a poor year for automobile sales because 1930 was a poor year for automobile production. The business is partly self-accumulative. Fat years lead to fatter ones, lean years to leaner ones.

While the automobile business will turn upwards when and if business in general turns upward, there is little likelihood that the general upturn can come in time to swing 1931 automobile sales above the low figures for 1930. In one respect, however, 1931 may be a valuable year for the automobile industry. Just as 1929 pointed to the skyscraper top for sales, so 1931 may point to the country's minimum demand for new cars, its rock-bottom need for automotive transportation.

Remarkable Remarks

There is just as much money in the United States as ever before.—VICE-PRESIDENT CHARLES CURTIS.

Success is not difficult and it is much more pleasant than failure. —ARTHUR BRISBANE.

Prohibition is eternally right . . . . I cannot understand this talk of repeal.—THOMAS A. EDISON.

A detective novel must have a detective in it; and a detective is not a detective unless he detects.—S. S. VAN DINE.

No one really sings in opera. You just make loud sounds.—AMELITA GALLI-CURCI.

Many of us feel that the civilization of the United States is not represented at its best in the American film.—DEAN WILLIAM RALPH INGE.

▶▶*The Harding Memorial*

THE DEDICATION of the Harding memorial may be one of the high spots of 1931. Certainly the memorial has often been first-page news in the three years of Coolidge and nearly two years of Hoover which have passed since Mr. Dawes laid the cornerstone of the tomb in the outskirts of Marion, Ohio. On that Memorial Day of 1926 it was announced that the tomb would be formally dedicated in July, 1927.

Yet 1927 brought no dedication. Nor did 1928, when the Harding Memorial Association was given to understand that a presidential campaign year was not an appropriate time for such ceremonies. By early 1929 the association was so desperate that Secretary Hoke Donithen wrote President Coolidge, asking for his "frank expression of what you think we should do." The President's reply indicated that there wasn't much to do but wait for Mr. Hoover. Mr. Coolidge was delighted to get the letter "which indicates that you are in your usual good health," and "glad to talk with you the next time I see you concerning this interesting situation."

Mr. Hoover also adopted the policy of shying from Marion. For that course he found adequate excuses in the injection of the dedication controversy into Ohio politics and the injection of Washington into more oil cases left over from the Harding administration. Yet by last September word was plucked from the Washington grapevine that Mr. Hoover would be glad to dedicate the memorial if properly invited and given a choice of dates. Fed up with excuses and delays, the association responded that, until and unless Mr. Hoover expressed an earnest desire to dedicate the memorial, the memorial would remain undedicated. Then, in the closing days of December, "the White House disclosed" that the President was ready to go to Marion if he were invited.

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The first response of Secretary Donithen was that "we'll wait for Roosevelt—he is likely to become President and we can have him come here and dedicate the memorial." Within a week, however, the association yielded, inviting Mr. Hoover to come to Marion and deliver the address, Mr. Coolidge to come and preside at the ceremony. The association has made a commendable retreat. America needs the tonic of a first-class dedication, though it is doubtful that any orator at the ceremonies will be able to improve on Harry Daugherty's flat assertion that Harding was "a great man and a great President."

▶▶*Mrs. Coolidge's Poem*

Mrs. Calvin Coolidge has written a poem for the New York *Herald Tribune*, as follows:

WATCH-FIRES

Love was not given the human heart
For careless dealing.
Its spark was lit that man might know
Divine revealing.

Heaped up with sacrificial brands,
The flame, in mounting,
Enkindles other hearts with love,
Beyond the counting.

Reflected back into each life,
These vast fires, glowing,
Do then become the perfect love
Of Christ's bestowing.

We reprint the poem without comment, but with quite a few questions. Is this Mrs. Coolidge's first poem, and, if not, how long has she been writing poetry? Is this a new poem, or one she wrote some time ago? Was it written in the house on Massasoit Street, at The Beeches, or where? Did she write any poetry at the White House? Which does she enjoy writing more—poetry or prose? Does she sit down on purpose to write a poem or wait for inspiration? Does she have trouble with rhyme-schemes and meters? Did she get the idea of writing poetry from Mrs. Lindbergh? Did she send the poem off to the *Herald Tribune* without telling her husband or did her husband send it off without telling her? Did Calvin Coolidge ever write any poetry? Did John Coolidge ever write any poetry? What does Calvin Coolidge think about this poetry-writing, anyway? We hope to find the answers to all these questions in one of Mr. Coolidge's pieces—one of Mr. Coolidge's prose pieces—for the daily papers.

For a "Prosperity Loan"

An Editorial

Readers of the Outlook will recall that about a month ago, under the heading "Mr. Micawbers in Washington," we set forth the reasons why the present fight upon unemployment should be directed precisely as if the country were threatened by a foreign foe. Specifically, we suggested an unemployment board like the War Industries Board. We set a billion dollars as a not too large first appropriation to be spent at once in providing work for the unemployed. The work, we suggested, should be planned in cooperation with local authorities and should be gotten under way at once.

In making this suggestion, events have disclosed, we were merely paralleling a similar proposal for a $1,000,000,000 "prosperity loan" brought forth by the Emergency Committee for Federal Public Works of New York City, and since increasingly approved by leading business men and bankers and latterly by over ninety economists of the nation. Says the joint statement of these economists issued last week:

"In endorsing the appeal of the Emergency Committee for Federal Public Works on a scale commensurate with the present need, we are simply approving again a principle accepted by leading economists and socially-minded business men for a generation past. Within the last year the principle has been almost universally accepted as shown in the response of the business interests of the country to the President's appeal in November, 1929, when a capital construction program of $7,000,000,000 was adopted—and, we are told, carried through. [By private interests.]

"The principle was again endorsed by the large state bond issues authorized by the electorate of several states. The cities have already made every effort and cut all possible red tape in order to largely increase public works expenditures. Yet all these concerted efforts of business men, states and cities have not sufficed. They have only prevented a more serious situation had this action not been taken.

"It seems only logical that the federal government, which has been urging these expenditures by business men and local governments, should now do its part in restoring the purchasing power of the masses of the people by an extensive expansion of such public works as post roads, reforestation, elimination of grade crossings, reclamation and flood-control projects and other improvements that do not compete with private industry and can be undertaken promptly.

"These public works, projected on a scale to check the present business depression, would, of course, require hundreds of millions of dollars, or possibly a billion, to be effective, but the cost cannot be compared to the loss sustained by all classes of the nation if such expenditures are not made. Taxation for such projects, equitably distributed, would not be seriously felt by any group. It is difficult to understand the timidity, in this crisis, of business men and legislators. The need of the hour is courage to act along lines of long-established economic principles. The time has come to test them on some adequate scale."

To this statement the Outlook vigorously subscribes. The time for discussion of this business is past. The time for action has arrived—and that action must now come from Washington.

On the first page of this magazine is recorded the appalling plight of the farmers in one Arkansas district. Outside of the country districts, in nearly every city in the country, conditions are rapidly approaching those in New York, where bread lines extend around city blocks; where recipients of charity jobs sell apples in the streets; where local emergency work committees see the end of their funds in April and still no end to the depression.

In the situation we are in, even granted that bills like Senator Wagner's are passed in Washington, even granted that the program for a "prosperity loan" is successfully passed in Congress—and we see no prospect of that unless the country is aroused from one end to the other—even then it may be too late for hundreds of thousands who will be on the verge of starvation unless National Red Cross relief is set in action.

The emergency calls for leadership in Washington, instant appointment of a Red Cross Relief Council, federal appropriations to the Red Cross treasury

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so that it may expand its organization, and straight upon the heels of this the swiftest possible legislation for a billion dollar unemployment "prosperity loan" along the lines suggested by the Emergency Committee for Federal Public Works.

Half-way measures have become criminal negligence. Let us discuss details no longer. Let us act.

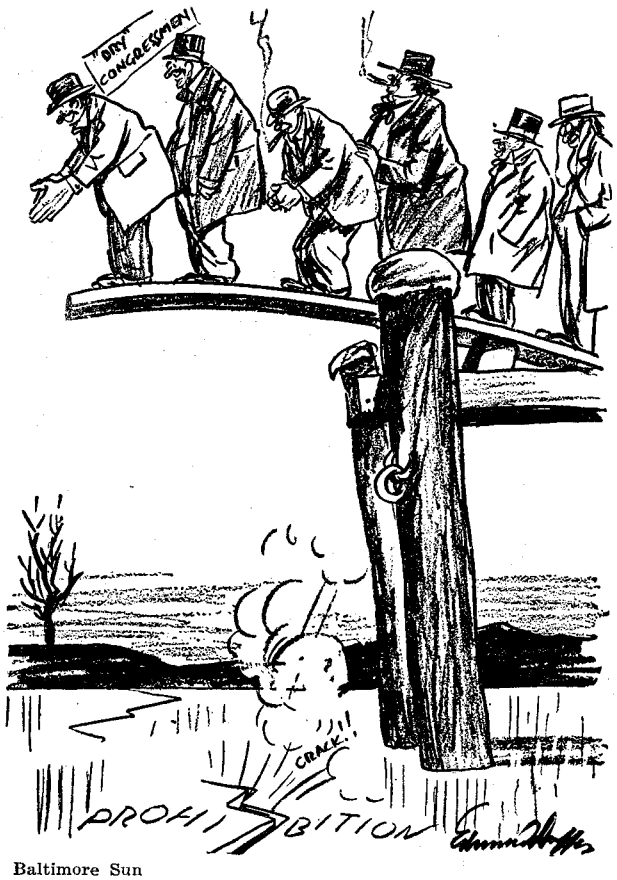
Backstage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

IN VIEW of the cheerless political outlook on Capitol Hill and in White House environs, it is pleasant to report that the nine elderly gentlemen exiled by presidential appointment to a place far more important than legislators or presidents show liberal leanings of a definite nature. We refer to the Supreme Court of the United States, which, we like to think, is going out of its way to demonstrate that the damning it received at the hands of the Senate last spring was unwarranted.

Sweet as it is to contemplate the thought of such spoofing by these Olympians, we are informed that the change of attitude is based on deeper premises. Not the least is the new member, Associate Justice Owen J. Roberts, who seems to be bearing out our prediction that, despite a legal record which indicated no strong streak of liberalism, he would prove himself, in time, another Holmes or Brandeis come to the bench. It is, of course, too early to pass permanent judgment on him, but we understand that he has been captivated by the minds of those two sturdy spirits. In fact, we hear that Justice Roberts has given a great deal of his judicial apprenticeship to perusal of the dissenting opinions of Justice Brandeis. It is telling no tales out of school—except those which seem worthy to tell—when we say that Justice Roberts had long appreciated Justice Holmes's minority moves, but was not so well acquainted with those of the more boyish Bostonian.

Even more surprising, and to us more significant, is the emergence of Chief Justice Hughes as what, for want of a better term, we may call a liberal. In several decisions he has amazed close observers of the court, who now take to the theory that the Chief Justice, as often happens, has reverted to the progressive philosophy which he not infrequently displayed in his younger days. The pressure of politics and the exigencies of the law, this school holds, are now behind Mr. Hughes, and the dissenting strain of his ancestors is beginning to assert itself. As Secretary of State, for instance, he frequently found it necessary to subordinate his ideas to those of a president, even though it was only Calvin Coolidge, and, as a lawyer, he was most certainly circumscribed by his clients.



Baltimore Sun

With the ice cracking, the boys are preparing to get damp

Thus it may come about that in future days of far-reaching decisions affecting investment trusts, holding companies, radio, aviation, railroad revaluation and the whole social and economic structure of a new age we may see the perilously parochial program of Congress and the Administration unmade and widened by a socially minded Supreme Court.

We realize that Chief Justice Hughes and Justice Roberts may yet disappoint our expectations, leaving only three men of liberal mould on the tribunal—Holmes, Brandeis and Stone—but nevertheless we have high hopes. Moreover, the permanent conversion of Mr. Hughes would have a greater effect than is generally understood. With all deference to members of the court, we have observed that at least one or two tend to follow the Chief Justice, if he be not too much in error, much as sheep trot after their bell wether.

If he is aware of what is happening in the monastic chamber where our lawgivers sit, President Hoover must derive a grim sort of satisfaction, in the light of condemnation heaped upon his appointment of Mr. Hughes, and the Senate's refusal to confirm Judge John J. Parker of North Carolina. Though we sympathized with the Senate in both instances at the moment, we give Mr. Hoover credit for a sincere desire to leave as his monument a Supreme Court in spirit with the age, and attribute his nomination of Judge Parker to a momentary succumbing to political considerations. We do know that in talking with his closest friend on the bench—Justice Stone—he has often expressed his purpose of remaking it with more men of the Holmes-Brandeis-Stone sort.

He will, we hear, soon get a chance to reform it nearer to his heart's desire—whatever that may be—since we understand that Justices McReynolds and Sutherland, failing in health, may not outlast Mr. Hoover in office should he be reelected. Inasmuch as both these members are extreme conservatives, though of opposite political faiths, it would be a heartening sign if men of social conscience like Benjamin Cardozo of New York and William S. Kenyon of Iowa were named in their places.

We have noted, however, that few presidents seek to pack the court with liberals or conservatives, preferring to divide the honors. Roosevelt, for instance, named such contrasts as Holmes and Van Devanter, Wilson such different types as Brandeis and McReynolds.

The new court—and this is most important—has descended from its mount of aloofness. Justices Stone and Roberts are both affable and approachable. And the philosophic Brandeis, we hear, frequently deprecates the public belief that they are "untouchables," whereas, in reality, most of them are jolly good, though judicial, fellows. A. F. C.

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The Voice of the Corn Belt

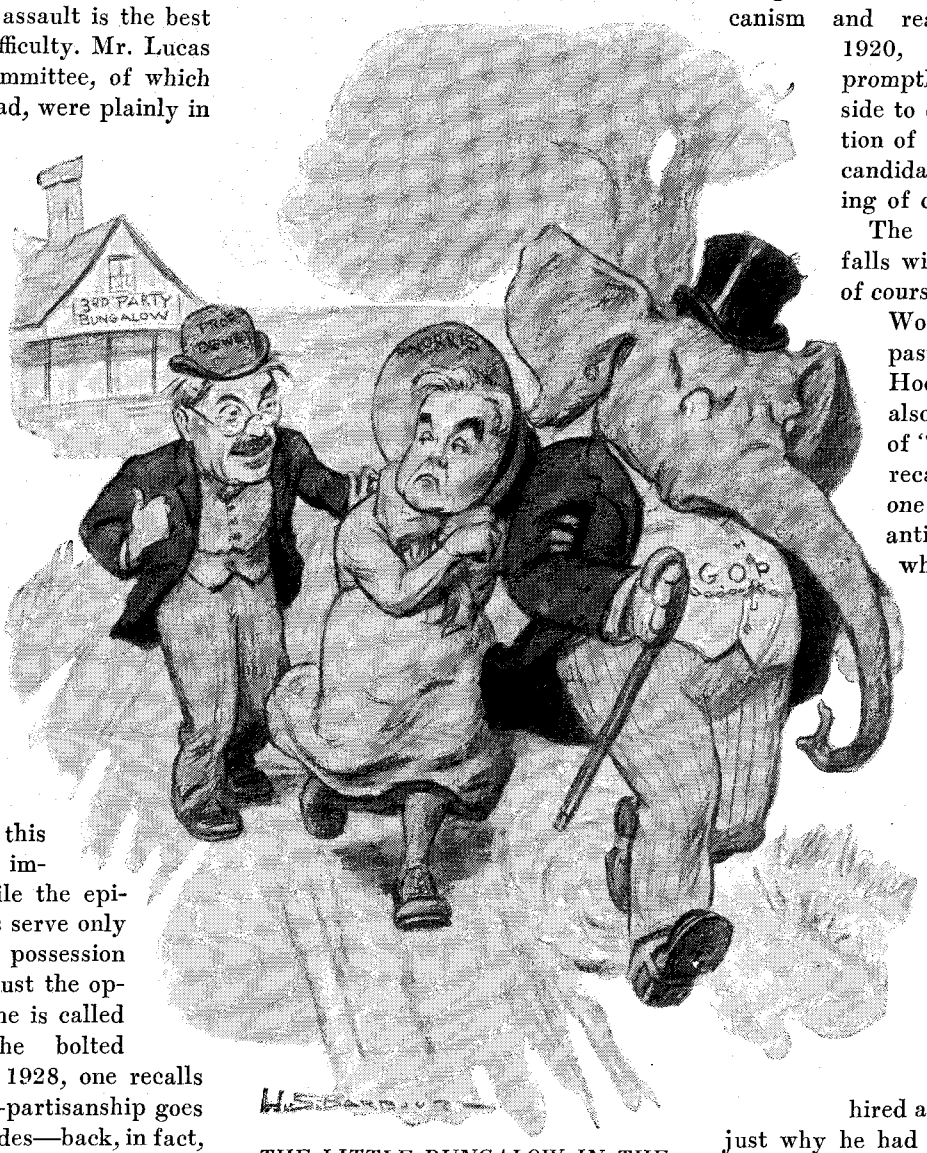
Senator Norris—Square Peg in the G. O. P.

By FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

WHEN Robert H. Lucas and Representative Will Wood recently fell upon Senator George W. Norris with cries of "renegade," "demagogue," and "dictator," the public was obviously expected to conclude that something highly improper about the nature of the Nebraskan's Republicanism had just been discovered. The attacks were based, of course, upon the old theory that a strong assault is the best defense in time of difficulty. Mr. Lucas and the National Committee, of which he is the executive head, were plainly in difficulties, for it had just been discovered that they had cooperated in using cash and influence in an "undercover" attempt to defeat Norris for re-election in the recent campaign. Ironically enough, however, the chief consequence of these assaults has been to bring to the country's attention, in greater measure than ever before, the unique position which Norris holds in the public life of today.

Merely to summarize the aspects of this uniqueness makes an imposing structure, while the epithets hurled at Norris serve only to point his unusual possession of characteristics of just the opposite nature. When he is called renegade because he bolted Hoover for Smith in 1928, one recalls that his record of non-partisanship goes back nearly three decades—back, in fact, to his successful battle to overthrow Cannonism in the House in the dim pre-war days—and that it is rather late to raise the accusation against him now. If the people of Nebraska object to the kind of Republicanism which Norris exemplifies, they long ago had ample notice of it.

In fact, George William Norris stands forth today, in an era of partisanship, as the one conspicuous exemplar of that abhorrence of party and "faction" to which the makers of the Constitution held. Not only has he practiced it continuously and conspicuously and uniquely, but he has voiced it as a formal political philosophy and sought to bring it about by the abolition of the Electoral College which the parties and factions of the '30's converted from its original purposes to their own partisan ends.



THE LITTLE BUNGALOW IN THE WEST

Dewey may want it, but Norris does not

Messrs. Lucas and Wood, by their recent assaults, may have established a new definition of Republicanism, but by its tenets Norris, whom they now declare a Democrat, becomes just as bad a member of that party as of his own. For while, in the earlier days of the Wilson régime, the Nebraskan supported those Democratic policies which he held good, he had no hesitancy in turning against Wilson's appeal for American entry into the War, nor against Wilson's later advocacy of the League of Nations. And when Republicanism and reaction triumphed in 1920, Norris turned as promptly to the Democratic side to campaign for the election of Democratic Senatorial candidates and for the unseating of corrupt Republicans.

The "renegade" epithet falls with unconscious humor, of course, from the lips of Mr. Wood, who in the recent past denounced Mr. Hoover as a Democrat also. So also does the cry of "demagogue" when one recalls that Norris was one of the little band of anti-war Senators of 1917 who faced defeat by their unorthodox stand. In this action Norris was not unique, but his response to the wrath of war-bent Nebraska certainly was. This "demagogue" took the unpopular position with the necessity of standing for re-election only a year away. But Norris did not wait for that. Instead, when his state's anger rose against him he went back home, hired a hall, told his audience just why he had voted as he had, and then promised that if the Governor would call a special election he would resign forthwith and face any candidates put against him in a referendum on his action.

The charge of dictatorship falls with equal flatness against a man who rose nearly six years ago to the unquestioned leadership of the Senate Progressives of both parties, but who has persistently

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refused to accept or even acknowledge such a position. Here also Norris is unique, for the crown of leadership which has been laid upon him has come only because others persistently fall in behind when he starts off on a lonely course in pursuit of a "hopeless" cause.

It is this last fact which makes him most conspicuous today. As Congress met this winter, it was universally recognized that there were four big fighting issues before it—Muscle Shoals, the anti-"lame duck" amendment, anti-injunction legislation, and the Wagner unemployment prevention bills—and that refusal of the Administration forces to permit a vote on all of them would inevitably mean a special session.

Three of those issues were Norris's own—all of them but the Wagner bills—and all were "hopeless" measures when he first adopted them. It was a remarkable commentary on the power and ability of a lone warrior who acknowledges no place of leadership, bows to no party, and does not even possess the high personal magnetism which often bends men to follow where they would not go otherwise. It is likewise a testament of the Nebraskan's political catholicity. Men who should know better have asserted—and even within the last month—that Norris is only the voice of the Corn Belt, the incoherent and futile mouthpiece for the farmer's wails against his woes. Yet in these three pieces of legislation, which are certain to be adopted by the next Congress if not by this, are found far-reaching proposals in three widely separated fields of government—proposals whose adoption should surely set the seal of statesmanship on the brow of any man in any age who could call them primarily his own.

None of them, as it happens, is concerned even indirectly with the farm problem. In his advocacy of public development of Muscle Shoals power, in fact, Norris has gone directly contrary to the theory of the leading farm organizations that this property should be turned to the production of fertilizer. Rather, the direct benefits of his proposal, as he sees it, would accrue to the industrialists and the emerging South and indirectly toward a reduction of electric power rates all over the land.

Likewise, his anti-"lame duck" Constitutional Amendment, by abolishing legislation by defeated legislators and by bringing new Congresses into session shortly after election, would undoubtedly produce a sweeping increase in the effectiveness of the theory of popular government. The probable effect of the anti-injunction bill upon the ability of labor, particularly in the lower grades, to organize and fight for its interests is almost incalculable. This legislation, the joint product of Norris, Walsh of Montana, and Blaine of Wisconsin, for one thing, would end the effectiveness of the "yellow dog" contract, now probably the most potent weapon in the hands of non-union employers.

Underwood

BORAH *NORRIS*

Norris's final claim to uniqueness—although he would be the last to make it, or any other—lies in the fact that he *sits* in the Senate today at all. For if fate, in the person of a Washington newspaperman, had not boldly blocked his determined personal preferences in 1924, he would undoubtedly today be a private citizen whose political views would disturb no one. The story of how and why the Nebraska non-partisan sought to quit his long fight against the powers that be perhaps best illustrates the whole man, although it may still leave him a bit of an enigma to some.

Norris undoubtedly came into political life with a natural flair for it. His beginnings were like those of many another political figure, although perhaps with the elements of humble birth and early hardships somewhat intensified. Born during the Civil War, the only son of a mother widowed when he was a small child, he grew up on a farm in Ohio, "working out" among neighboring farmers in summer and attending district school in the winter. By teaching as he grew older he managed to pay for his legal education and finally for a law library, which did not come until 1884, a year after he had been admitted to the bar. It was only a few years later when he became a prosecuting attorney in Nebraska, then a district judge, and finally, in 1902, a representative in Congress.

Norris was then a vehement partisan—his jutting chin still indicates that earlier vehemence—and he often admits it now. Often has he told also how a trifling Congressional exhibition of partisanship turned ridiculous opened his eyes to its narrowness. That eye-opener led ultimately to his battle on Cannonism, and indirectly to his unanimous election by the state legislature to the Senate in 1912, after he had won a popular majority in a Nebraska voters' preference election.

The eight years of the Wilson régime constituted an active but not an outstanding period in Norris's political career. The triumph of Harding and reactionism in 1920 lifted him, however, to the chairmanship of the Agricultural Committee and flung him likewise into the decade of strife which put the final touches upon the philosophical, kindly, fire-tested veteran of today. Six years ago Norris was discouraged and disgusted with public life, but now he can cock his well-worn shoes up on his desk after a day's work, puff occasionally at the half-sized cigars he favors, and let his eyes twinkle with equanimity as he invites his opponents and detractors to do their worst. The legislation to which he has given the last decade of his life, he feels, is well on the way to final acceptance where not even a presidential veto can stop it in a year or two more.

The way Norris came to the advocacy of these legislative proposals is typical of his mental processes in political affairs—and these affairs, outside of his family, his books and his summerings in

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a remote rustic retreat, constitute his entire interests. The science of politics, to Norris, is very simple. He is an empirical philosopher in this field. His sole principle seems to be to test each problem that comes before him in the light of reason and justice, and then to drive straight toward the specific remedy he perceives, no matter how remote its achievement may appear.

His advocacy of the public development of Muscle Shoals as a great hydropower resource vividly illustrates this. The Shoals problem came to Norris early in 1921 when he took the chairmanship of the Agricultural Committee. Farm organizations were demanding that the property be developed, preferably by lease, as a fertilizer plant. But as Norris studied the various offers from prospective lessees he became convinced that it was the power they were after and that the fertilizer production promises were only a blind, hardly likely to be carried out, and economically impracticable anyway. This naturally led him to a study of the power interests' objectives and finally to the conviction that he faced a potentially great monopoly, just coming into its majority, and a highly dangerous thing.

His adoption of the anti-"lame duck" proposal came through comparable circumstances. He has often told of it with a chuckle. The inspiration was not his; he freely admits it. It came, instead, from some small farmer group irked at the fact that many progressives elected to Congress in 1922 could not start functioning until a year later. As a result, they adopted resolutions demanding a change in the antiquated Congressional system. The old "lame duck" legislators of the Harding days were still riding high when this petition was offered in the Senate, and they chuckled their derision, as Norris tells it, when the presiding officer, in a burst of comedy, referred it to Norris's committee because of its farmer origin instead of to the Judiciary Committee where it properly belonged.

Norris, however, took the reference seriously. Turning the petition over in his mind, he perceived its essential soundness. After coupling it with his own idea of abolishing the Electoral College he offered it to the Committee members and received unanimous approval. Norris had a chuckle of his own coming then, and when he brought the proposal up a month or so later, when the "lame duck" session had done a good deal to discredit itself, he found only six Senators out of sixty-nine with temerity enough to vote against it.

During these earlier years of the Harding-Coolidge régime, Norris had given himself with particular vigor to the effort to achieve "equality for agriculture." But his own proposals, embodied in the Norris-Sinclair bill, had got little farther in the Senate than his Muscle Shoals measure—both seemed then the essence of "impossible" legislation—while the House, under close Administration control, scorned his "lame duck" amendment as much as it did his other two proposals.

Thus, as his second term approached its end in 1924, Norris had to decide whether he would stand for re-election. His decision was adverse. In the high tide of reaction, and in the beginning of the Coolidge "prosperity" era, a four-year battle for his three major proposals seemed worse than useless. He announced to his friends in Nebraska and Washington that he would not file for the Republican primary; that he was through. But from his home state, and in little less degree from the "Progressives" of the whole county, arose an insistent demand for his continued service. "Old Bob" La Follette, a Progressive, but in many ways the antithesis of Norris, was still in the Senate, but was aging and ill. The 1922 off-year elections had brought forth a vigorous group of new Progressives of both parties, but they were yet to make their presence felt. They considered Borah temperamental and unstable. Norris was the last of the older dependables still holding his strength.

Despite the appeals, however, he refused to reconsider. Then a follower in Nebraska sought to force his hand via the petition method. Plenty of nominating petitions were filed, but when the last day came in which Norris could refuse to accept the nomination thus offered he was still obdurate. His office assistants, like his other friends, were in despair; their own pleadings had failed and Norris would not even trust them to send off the wire he had written refusing the nomination.

It was at this point that the Washington newspaperman, long a follower of the Nebraskan, walked into his outer office to find his girl secretary in tears, and to learn as the reason that a messenger boy was in the inner office waiting for the refusal wire. The newspaperman walked out. A moment later the messenger boy came down the hall with the message in his hand. The newspaperman stopped him, said he was from Norris's office and that the telegram was not to go, and forthwith pocketed it. When Norris a few days later found that he was on the ticket, he believed some one in Nebraska had waylaid the message. Even then he was still determined to quit if it were possible. He refused to make a speech or spend a cent in the primary, and actually advised his friends to vote for his opponent. But by the time Nebraskans had again decided that he was a good Republican the efforts of his friends and the effect of the unsolicited nomination—equivalent to election—had won him around.

Whether it was this remarkable indorsement or something else, Norris came back to the Senate that winter a changed and rejuvenated man. He even shaved off the moustache of forty years, revealing a cast of features which some of his friends felt to be Lincolnesque in its kindliness and deep-eyed firmness. His voice and diction, too, took on a new warmth and crispness. During the early post-war years when Norris had been fighting for his cherished projects he had impressed his sympathetic observers as an earnest but hardly a magnetic advocate. Doggedly he had brought up his oratorical artillery for the support of each cause as opportunity offered, but in his efforts there was the slogging, dull impact of mere doggedness. Norris's speeches rarely, if ever, shone with wit and terseness; rather they tended to a discursive range which obscured the import of his underlying convictions.

There was real cause soon enough why Norris should continue to exercise his new-found powers. The Senate by increasing minorities and finally by majorities began to indorse the fundamentals of his agricultural policy. By increasing minorities and finally by majorities, it also came to the adoption of his views regarding the development of Muscle Shoals. The House, still under the whip of its Administration-inspired leadership, lagged along behind, but finally it also came, in 1928, to the adoption of these two pieces of "impossible" legislation, and it was only the Executive vetoes of Calvin Coolidge which could stop them from becoming law. In the same period, too, the Senate had four times adopted his Constitutional Amendment, while a majority only a

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The Russian Bear in Business

By GUY GREER

Russia is gigantic in every way—and now under a dictatorship she mobilizes every available atom of her energy in industrialization on a scale surpassing in ambition that of any of the great business empire builders of other nations. How will this affect the rest of the world? An answer to this abrupt and compelling question is sought in this article and another to be published later, by an economist who is familiar with Russia and who has interviewed several of the American experts called by Russia to advise and assist in her vast program.

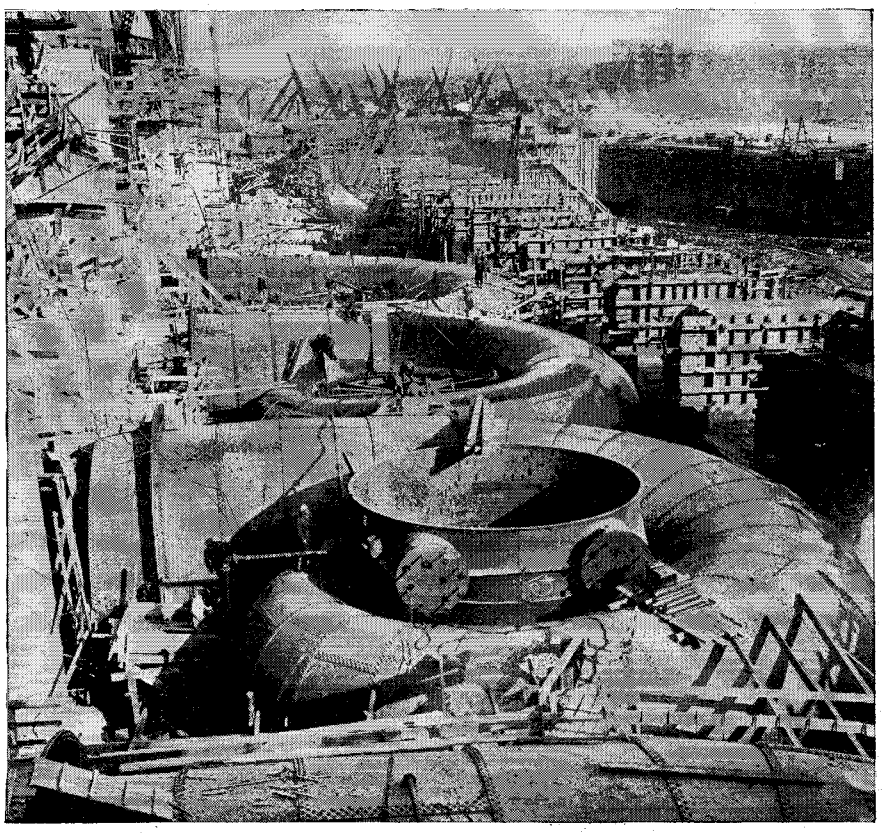
AFTER thirteen years of the most spectacular adventure in government that the world has ever seen, Russia has suddenly in a new sense become front page news again. For the Russian adventure has at last commenced to touch the pocket nerve of the rest of the world in a disconcerting way. We have been long accustomed to look upon Bolshevism as a poisonous social and economic doctrine, remotely dangerous in the political sphere but without serious significance to our economic system, but when Russia begins to take a more active part in the trade of the world during a sharp depression of the market for certain basic commodities, her action comes as a distinct shock to the rest of the economic world. In this article and another to come later I shall attempt to describe briefly the fundamental elements of the vast economic experiment now going on in Russia, to make a tentative appraisal of its chances for success, and finally to suggest in a very general way what may be expected to be the future economic relationship of Russia to the rest of the world. Needless to add, I shall make no pretense of dealing exhaustively with the whole of the Russian situation, even from an economic point of view, while the political, cultural, and moral aspects of the subject will be left out of account altogether.

The undertaking upon which Russia has embarked is so complex in character and so enormous in extent that to visualize the whole of it is a severe tax on the imagination. If we start to examine one phase of it, that particular part of the picture soon begins to loom so large that the sense of perspective is lost. To obtain a sort of preliminary view of the whole of the vast canvas, therefore, it will be of advantage for a few moments to think of Russia as a great farm, largely self-contained, fertile and rich in natural resources but poorly equipped and badly run down from generations of laziness and inefficient management. The great majority of the population have always existed at an incredibly low standard of living; but in recent years, through an upheaval in the management, a new group of people have obtained control and instituted an energetic campaign to modernize the farm and increase its productivity, with the promise that eventually the standard of living will be universally and largely improved.

The task of modernization is rendered exceedingly difficult, however, by the fact that the new managers, because of worldwide disapproval of their methods both of gaining control and of running the farm, can obtain no long term loans for capital expenditures. Consequently, they are under the necessity of carrying out their ambitious program by means of current income. The machinery and equipment and the technical assistance which they are obliged to procure from other than home sources must be paid for by selling everything that the farm population can possibly do without, and at whatever prices can be obtained.

Obviously the foregoing sketch represents an over-simplification of the phenomenon that is modern Russia. In all essentials, however, it is the picture which the leaders of the Communist party themselves are painting; and in this discussion we shall do well to keep it constantly in mind. Using it thus as a background for occasional reference when the situation shows signs of becoming confused, we shall be better able to understand the scope and meaning of the recent economic developments in Russia.

Before proceeding to examine those developments in any detail, however, it will be necessary to add to our understanding of fundamentals three facts about the government and the economic organization of Soviet Russia which are of vital importance. The first is that the country is under the absolute control of the Communist party, the leaders of which exercise a virtual dictatorship.



AT THE DNIEPER HYDROELECTRIC PROJECT
Showing the immensity of the undertaking

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Theoretically the principle of government is democratic, nearly all adults of both sexes being allowed to vote, and in local affairs there is probably a higher degree of popular sovereignty than in former times; but as far as the national government is concerned the elections are so conducted that there is not the slightest possibility of any group of people rising to power except a body which is relatively small: that group of men and women comprising the ruling class.

The second fundamental fact is that the planning, coordination, and direction of all the economic activities of the nation are concentrated in the same small body which monopolizes the powers and functions of government. The State Planning Commission, a department of the Council of Labor and Defense, serves as a sort of economic general staff, with authority limited only by the will of the group of Communist leaders of which it is itself a part. Its task is to organize and maintain the vast complex of Russia's economic life in a state of dynamic equilibrium, so that all the various divisions of economic development shall proceed in orderly fashion and in harmony one with another, according to the principles laid down in a master plan. It is this feature of a planned and coordinated economic system for an entire nation that constitutes the most striking difference between the present government of Russia and all other governments which have preceded it.

But it is the third distinguishing feature of Russia's political and economic organization which is probably the least understood and appreciated by the outside world. That feature is the assumption under the theories of Communism that Russia will entirely escape the baffling problems of distribution, that is, of finding markets for the potential output of commodities, which have thrown the economic machinery of the rest of the world out of gear. According to those theories Russia's problem is primarily one of production. Markets exist within the country for any conceivable output of goods of the near future, and purchasers must be found abroad for only the amount of commodities required to pay for indispensable imports, which are to be limited to machinery and other equipment necessary for future productive activities.

WOMAN TRACTOR DRIVER

Russia is farming enormous tracts of land with the latest American machines and the advice of America's largest farmer, Thomas C. Campbell of Montana—and the women are helping. The picture below shows a battery of tractors moving to the field

If the theories of Communism can be made to work out in practice, therefore, Russia can carry out her immense program of economic development with an incalculable advantage over the rest of the world. For it must be remembered that knowledge of production has far outstripped the capacity of the prevailing economic system of the world to distribute the commodities which can be turned out; and that Russia, in so far as her own organizers, technicians and skilled workers, and those she can procure from abroad, are capable of applying that knowledge, can take and freely use essentially all that the most advanced industrial countries have learned about productive processes. In the last analysis, of course, the successful working of the theories will depend upon the ability of the State Planning Commission and its aides and associates to direct and coordinate the manifold and complex activities composing the economic life of the country.

With this understanding of the conditions and assumptions under which the rulers of Russia are proceeding, we are now ready to consider something of the scope and significance of what they are trying to do. It is a matter of common knowledge that for some four years after the Bolshevik Revolution an attempt was made to apply to the whole of Russia the principles of pure Communism. It is equally well known that the attempt resulted in so complete a failure that in 1921 it became necessary to resort to a drastic modification of policy. The breakdown, coming as a result of the famine of 1921 and the passive resistance of the Russian peasantry to the methods of Communism, forced Lenin and his colleagues to institute what was designated the New Economic Policy, which in effect largely restored the carrying on of trade, and to some extent industrial pursuits, to private enterprise.

Under the revised policy Russia soon began to make considerable progress towards economic recovery. By the end of the year 1927 the general level of production, both agricultural and industrial, had reached, and perhaps even surpassed, the pre-war level. This measure of economic success, however, was being accomplished at the cost of surrendering a large part of the socialistic

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program of the Communist party. For, thanks to the opportunities created by the New Economic Policy, private fortunes were commencing to accumulate in considerable numbers, particularly among the well to do peasants—the so-called Kulaks—and among the various classes of traders. It was becoming evident, in fact, that if the developments then going on were allowed to continue, it would be only a question of a few years until the Russian Revolution had gone the way of the other great political upheavals of the past.

Faced with this danger, the Bolshevik leaders sought anxiously for methods to meet the situation. In the course of time dissension and disputes arose as to the best policy to pursue, out of which there finally emerged three more or less definite proposals. One section of the Communist party, under the leadership of Leon Trotsky, advocated a ruthless treatment of the peasants, compelling them by force if necessary to give up a larger proportion of their crops to the government, and the abrupt abolition of private trade and industry. The Trotsky group also urged a more vigorous attempt to bring about a world revolution through propaganda. A second group, fairly large in numbers but without vigorous leadership, were in favor of allowing the New Economic Policy to continue, with the hope of eventually controlling it and shaping its development to conform to the principles of Socialism. The third division of the party, under the dynamic leadership of Joseph Stalin, advocated a return to socialism, but by methods somewhat less dictatorial than those of the Trotsky group. It is a matter of history, of course, that the Stalin group, which had been steadily increasing in power ever since the death of Lenin, now definitely gained the ascendency, expelling Trotsky and several of his followers from the Communist party and exiling them either from Moscow or from the country entirely.

After the expulsion of Trotsky in 1927 the Stalin group, now in undisputed control of the Russian Government, decided upon what is undoubtedly the boldest program of economic development ever conceived in human history. If not in ruthlessness, at least in audacity, they outdid anything remotely suggested by the policy of their defeated opponents. They gave orders to the State Planning Commission to formulate a new master plan for the complete transformation of Russia, in an incredibly short period of time, from an agricultural to an industrial nation, dominated by the principles of socialism.

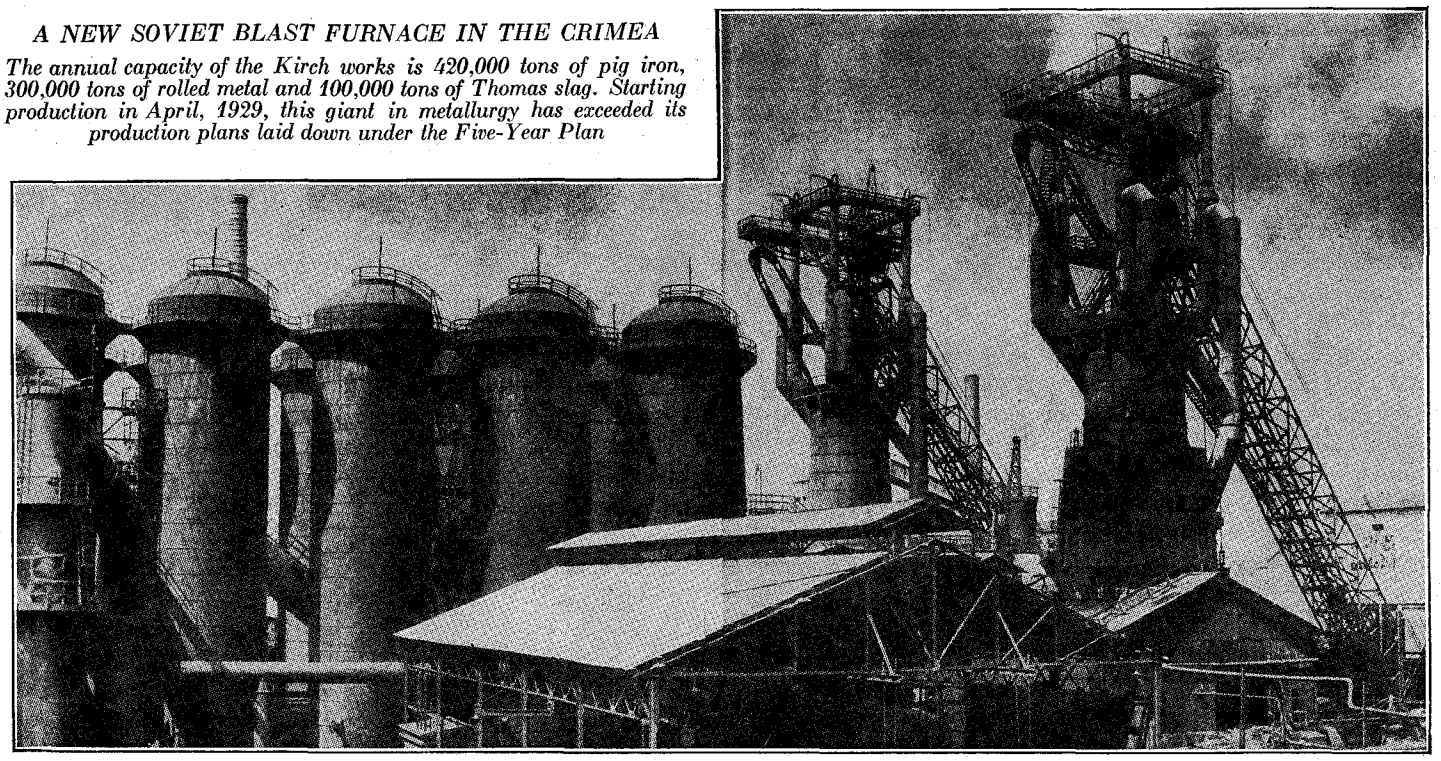
Along lines that had doubtless been under consideration in a general way for several years, the Commission went to work, and out of its endeavors came the famous Five-Year Plan, which was to represent the first great step in the transformation. With the passage of time, and on the basis of experience gained, additional programs for subsequent development were to be drawn up.

The Five-Year Plan was adopted by the rulers of Russia in 1928, and its operation was formally commenced on Oct. 1 of that year. As originally formulated, it made three grand divisions in the productive organization of the country:—heavy industry, agriculture and light industry. Certain global figures were established as the goals to be attained in production by Oct. 1, 1933, expressed in terms of increase over the production during the economic year 1927-28. Other divisions of economic life were also to register specified increases. The main lines of the entire program were as follows: heavy industry, to be increased by 230 per cent; agriculture, by 55 per cent; light industry, by 145 per cent; all industry, by 179 per cent; national income, by 103 per cent; wage earners (including agricultural workers), by 38.9 per cent; total population, by 11.8 per cent.

It was understood that the original figures for production might be modified slightly, or that the emphasis might be shifted from one division to another, but in general terms they were laid down as a minimum of accomplishment. Energy was to be concentrated especially upon heavy industry, which was to include such basic products as coal, petroleum, steel, cement, lumber, agricultural ma-

A NEW SOVIET BLAST FURNACE IN THE CRIMEA

The annual capacity of the Kirch works is 420,000 tons of pig iron, 300,000 tons of rolled metal and 100,000 tons of Thomas slag. Starting production in April, 1929, this giant in metallurgy has exceeded its production plans laid down under the Five-Year Plan



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chinery, railway equipment, electrical machinery, and in general all those things required for the productive organization of the country. Meantime, great quantities of agricultural machinery, particularly tractors, combine harvesters, and the like, were to be imported. Payment for indispensable imports, not only of agricultural and other machinery, but of all manner of industrial equipment and of technical skill and advice as well, was to be made by exporting from Russia everything salable abroad, in excess of the bare necessities of life, that could be wrung from the population.

Along with the rapid increase in all lines of production was to be carried to completion as early as possible the immense plan of Lenin, announced ten years before, for the electrification of Russia. Still another necessary corollary of the Five Year Plan was a great improvement and expansion in railway transportation, in terminal facilities, and in road construction.

In order to grasp the significance of the Five Year Plan and those that are to follow, it is necessary to understand that the Communist masters of the Soviet Government are proposing eventually to carry the industrialization of Russia to a stage far beyond that reached by any other country in the world. They have set out, not only to create the equipment necessary to supply all the needs of Russia's population for industrial products as ordinarily understood, but to industrialize practically the whole of Russia's agriculture as well. Referring back to our preliminary description of Russia as a great farm, and in view of the revolutionary changes that are to be made in agriculture, the comparison is seen to be peculiarly applicable. The tremendous import of this part of the total program will be appreciated if it be remembered that in America, notwithstanding our advanced position in agricultural production, only a negligible percentage of our farming area is operated in accordance with the principles of modern industrialism.

To accomplish such an unprecedented undertaking as rapidly as planned, Russia must produce at home, or buy abroad, quantities of productive equipment that fairly stagger the imagination. Not only must she build factories to turn out the common products of industry, such as textiles, shoes, household appliances, and ordinary tools and farm equipment, but also and especially an enormous volume of the basic materials and the most complicated apparatus for making productive machinery. An idea of the capital expenditure involved may be had from the fact that for the accomplishment of the Five Year Plan alone Russia is to spend, according to the latest estimates, at least 100,000,000,000 rubles, or at par of exchange about $50,000,000,000. Moreover, Russia as an economic entity is obliged to make these enormous outlays from current income, since she can procure no long term loans from abroad. And in order to do so she must set aside—that is to say, withdraw from consumption—probably at least half of her entire national income.

Obviously such a degree of self-denial on the part of the whole population would be a severe strain on even a very rich nation. In Russia, where the per capita income is probably not more than one-eighth that of the United States or one-third that of Germany, it would seem by all ordinary standards utterly impossible. About the only way to account for the hope of Russia's rulers that it could be endured at all is that they expeeted to arouse the majority of the population to a veritable frenzy of energy and devotion similar to the intense patriotism inspired by war, while any recalcitrant minority remaining would be dealt with by the methods of force or terrorism. Moreover, they doubtless planned to take advantage of the fact that the masses of the Russian people have always been accustomed to great privation, and to attempt to bring about an increase in the production of the country so great that even with half of it withdrawn from consumption the standard of living would still become from year to year progressively higher.

So much for the scope and meaning of the Five Year Plan as the first great step in the industrialization of Russia. Since there is no question about the sufficiency of the natural resources and the potential labor power of the country, it will be seen that the chances for success of the complete undertaking rest upon two great assumptions:—first, that the rulers of Russia and their economic and technical assistants are capable of planning, coordinating, and directing the vast program, and of training the large numbers of skilled workers required for its accomplishment; and, second, that the Russian people can and will be persuaded to endure the degree of privation necessary to finance the first and most difficult stage of the transformation represented by the Five Year Plan. The first assumption is of vital importance to the whole of the long run program. The second applies to the Five Year Plan alone, since it may be safely predicted that if the goal set for the year 1933 is attained the privations of the Russian people can be effectively and forever ended.

When we come now to make a critical appraisal of the validity of these two basic assumptions, we must rely upon the record of what has been accomplished to date and upon the opinions of capable and unbiased observers.

By the end of the first year of operation the accomplishments appear to have surpassed even the expectations of Russia's rulers. So much enthusiasm was aroused when the results became known towards the end of 1929 that a few months later a clamor arose in the press (which is of course controlled by the Government) demanding that the "tempo" of the entire program be accelerated. But the desire and determination to attain more rapid progress appears to have been widespread, particularly among the younger element of the population, and by no means confined to the members of the Communist party. Consequently, it was officially decided that the goals originally set for Oct. 1, 1933, should be reached by Oct. 1, 1932. A national slogan was adopted and has

Grain train on new Soviet collective farm

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▶▶ Toward the Abolition of Football ◀◀

By GEORGE TREVOR

THE late President Eliot of Harvard once called a Crimson football manager into conference and requested that the Cantab marching song be amended to read "three cheers for Harvard and one for Yale." Eliot pointed out that the blunt phrase "down with Yale" constituted a slur on a friendly rival.

Needless to say, Harvard student opinion indignantly rejected this suggestion of 75 per cent loyalty. The Harvard stands still thunder "down with Yale," rendering that theme with a gusto which is patently not synthetic.

Now we have Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, Eliot's successor, advocating a one game football season for Harvard —that single intercollegiate contest to be played with Yale as the climax of an intramural schedule pitting dormitory or rather "House" elevens against one another.

Furthermore, Dr. Lowell is willing to declare a Thursday to Monday academic holiday on the Yale game week-end as compensation for the loss of those social festivities which are now associated with the Army, Dartmouth, and Michigan contests. Under the Lowell plan, Harvard students would be more effectively isolated from athletic contacts with outside institutions than are the inmates of Sing Sing. The convicts play baseball with the New York Giants.

Offhand, you might regard Lowell's suggestion as a compliment to Yale. On second thought, however, you suspect that it bodes the Elis no good. Harvard, one assumes, would not adopt so radical a scheme unless Yale also guaranteed to restrict its football schedule to the traditional climax contest. In that event, how would the Elis ever win a football game?

New Haven, always suspicious of proposals emanating from Cambridge, has seen through this latest Harvard plot. Along Elm and Chapel Streets they resent this move to coerce Yale into dropping Army, Dartmouth, and Princeton.

"We know what 'Doc' Lowell is up to," said Eli Whitney Hillhouse, Yale's mythical spokesman. "He's foolish like a fox. He wants to make us trade two victories, a tie and a defeat for one annual trimming, but we Connecticut Yankees weren't born yesterday!

"Give up Dartmouth when we have a copper-riveted Indian sign on the Hanover football team? Well, I guess not! Dartmouth wallops Harvard every fall and then we trounce the Green. That at least gives us a victory over Harvard by proxy—until the third week in November comes around.

"Abandon the Army game when moving picture lenses are being improved every year? Guess again! And as for cutting loose from our old standby Princeton, that ever-present help in time of trouble, why it's unthinkable! No sir, we aren't going to snap at Lowell's bait. Of course, if Harvard is willing to switch sports, substituting one crew race a year for that single football match, why we might be interested, but as it stands the Lowell proposal sounds like a premeditated scheme to make Yale's record read: won 0; lost 1; percentage .000."

Seriously speaking, the Lowell plan strikes me as a bit visionary. Its success would be contingent on joint action with Yale, for obviously Harvard couldn't meet the Elis on even terms if the latter continued to play a regulation schedule. This is tantamount to admitting that the one-game idea is unfeasible, for it is certain that Yale would never break off relations with Princeton—a football rival of longer standing than Harvard. The Eli-Nassau series is the longest in the annals of intercollegiate sport. It has never been interrupted for any cause save when the War imposed a national gridiron moratorium in 1917 and 1918.

Since Yale won't abandon its sentiment-steeped Princeton series, Harvard would be compelled to schedule at least one other outside rival unless the Johnnies elected to spot Yale that extra game's practice. This is assuming that the Elis would agree to a two-game schedule and drop Dartmouth, Brown and Army. Despite the recent chatter at New Haven about limiting football schedules to five games starting in mid-October, we doubt that the single climax match idea—or even the two-game plan —would appeal to Eli authorities.

Yale dedicates her graduates to service in church and state. If that ideal is not always attainable at least it is a good one to tie to. Monastic seclusion has never jibed with Yale policy or Yale thought. We don't believe that the Elis want to wall themselves off from the active world, even in so minor a matter as football. Such voluntary isolation might breed a narrow provincialism or a smug exclusiveness utterly at variance with Yale traditions.

Yale has been a leader in academic and athletic spheres since the days of the old brick row. To turtle into its shell in the Harkness Gothic era would be a complete repudiation of all that Yale has stood for in pioneering and missionary work along scholastic, religious and athletic lines.

Harvard and Yale have divergent objectives in football. Cambridge sentiment exalts the Yale rivalry as the only one that really matters. Harvard spokesmen have repeatedly told the world that they would gladly lose every other game on the schedule if by so doing they could be assured a victory over Yale. Despite defeats by Army, Dartmouth, Michigan, and Holy Cross the present campaign was rated successful at Cambridge. Yale, you see, was soundly beaten.

The Elis, on the contrary, do not share Harvard's conviction that the Harvard-Yale game is the end of football aspirations. Yale, very probably, would rather beat Harvard than any other rival, but no Blue campaign is considered satisfactory unless Princeton also is defeated. Yale has a warm spot in its collective heart for Princeton.

The Big Three November schedule handicaps Yale severely, since the Elis must face Harvard the Saturday following the physically wearing and emotionally exhausting Princeton game. Yale, shouldering this unfair burden without complaint, is faintly amused at Dr. Lowell's somewhat naïve proposal.

I doubt that intramural football would prove attractive to undergraduates. In its salient characteristics, football differs widely from such recreational pastimes as hockey, basketball, golf and tennis. At best, football is a rough, rugged, physically punishing game which puts a premium on body contact. It isn't the kind of game the average boy would play for fun—or merely as a conditioning exercise.

Football demands a powerful incentive—a motive akin to patriotism. College loyalty or a desire for newspaper renown impels most youngsters to go out for the team. They patiently undergo the monotonous training grind, unflinchingly endure daily doses of physical punishment, to serve Alma Mater or

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▶▶ Red Herring ◀◀

By **HERBERT PELL**

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The opinions expressed here are those of Mr. Pell and not necessarily those of the OUTLOOK. As those of Mr. Pell, however, they have weight because of his life-long study of American politics and because he has served as a member of Congress and from 1921 to 1926 was chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee. He was a member of the Progressive Committee in Orange County, New York, 1912 to 1914. Mr. Pell is also an occasional lecturer at Columbia and Harvard.

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VIOLENCE will never be chosen by the feeble except when exasperated by the denial of all possible remedy. If we are to learn any lesson from Russia, it is the unwisdom of a dominant class which "sits pretty" and relies on a corrupt policy to protect its privilege.

During the past summer an investigation committee of the House of Representatives has wandered over the country searching for Communistic activities which might endanger the basis of the United States government. This committee has held its hearings in New York and elsewhere and listened to hysterical politicians, dazed by letters afterwards proved most ridiculous forgeries which some misguided humorist had sent to the gullible guardians of the peace. The committee in its zeal to uproot the insidious influence of the Russian Revolution pursued its way relentlessly to a boys' camp, located curiously enough in the district represented by its chairman. There the elected representatives of the people solemnly interviewed naked boys as they swam about in the ponds to discover the length to which the wicked agents of Moscow had gone in their efforts to corrupt the youth of our country.

Solemnly and seriously, letters have been read and statements made under oath to suggest that boatloads of golden rubles have been brought into this country and lavishly spent in an effort to delete the word, "please," from the vocabulary of Young America. Such a performance would have been simply funny if it were not perfectly obvious that the whole purpose of this committee is to draw a herring over the trail leading to those responsible for the present commercial crisis.

In 1924 the public indignation at the oil scandal was neutralized by the excitement of the Klan issue and the interest aroused by Leopold and Loeb. Could this process not be repeated? That was the question in Washington. Could not the popular interest be diverted by a Red Hunt? At least, it might be worth the effort to try to convince the community that every person less optimistic than Pollyanna is a paid tool of a foreign government. If a man is hungry and out of work, it is because he has been hired by Russians to throw up his job; if his wife and his children are empty, their cry for food is simply Bolshevist propaganda. In a metaphor worthy of their reason they will say that as long as the engineer holds the reins, the ship will stay on its feet. Similar public distractions have worked before—why not again? Hence the Red Hunt Committee.

The President of the United States is taking a hand in this performance. In South Carolina he has denounced the danger of Socialism and Bolshevism. In the heart of that section which two years ago pulsed to the Klan cry of Hoover, the savior of Protestantism, the one shield that could protect the hill-billy from foreign domination and the Spanish Inquisition, he has made the land resound with his warning against the new foreign devil, the bearded Bolshevik, who is insidiously inserting his vile propaganda into that American home which Mr. Hoover proposes at any cost to protect. The exploited, helpless and pathetic victims of child labor are told that their efforts to achieve human status or even to be treated as are treated the animals in the enlightened states, are inspired by Russian gold. If the South can not be made permanently Republican by appealing to the hatred of the Pope, it can at least be made safely reactionary by appealing to the hatred of Russia.

We have heard a good deal and we will surely hear more of Russian propaganda insinuating itself into American homes. These stories may be supported by a host of little incidents but they are obviously nonsense. We will hear much, perhaps, of the Amtorg, which is an organization combining the duties of a Russian consulate and a chamber of commerce. Its activities have been studied in the greatest detail. It has given out public statements as has every foreign mission in the country and as has every American mission abroad. It has protected and supported the interests of its compatriots in the United States as has every consulate accredited to us. It has assisted in commercial relations between citizens of the United States and its own country as has every foreign consulate.

No person can be so naïve as to believe that the loyalty of American soldiers can be undermined, or that the patriotism of American school children can be shattered by foreign terrorism. Anecdotes of Siberian frosts in the '90's cannot inflame American youth today. If there is any real danger of the undermining of the American people, which I doubt, we should study the tools and the material which we have provided ready to hand for malicious enemies.

The people at large are sore and suspicious of our government and of our courts, but this soreness and suspicion is not inspired by foreign influence but by the law itself which has in countless instances proved contemptible. The complexities and delays of our judicial proceedings have deprived us of the guarantee made six hundred years ago at Runnymede: that justice shall not be sold, delayed or denied; the complex rules of our courts have reduced the best of our judges from officers of justice to mere umpires in a game.

The path of justice lies through a thick maze of technicalities. Can intelligent people be asked to respect a system of law which will discharge a convicted felon because the word, "towit," is improperly used in his indictment, or grant a new trial to a man tried, convicted and sentenced of a murder of which he was charged because in the indictment, where the words, "prejudicial to the interests of the state" are prescribed the word "the" was omitted and the poor fellow was accused of an assassination "prejudicial to the interests of state" which the superior court decided to be a very different thing?

During the course of a trial in this country, the judge must steer the proceedings on a tortuous course around the rocks of precedent rather than strike boldly for the line of justice. Every

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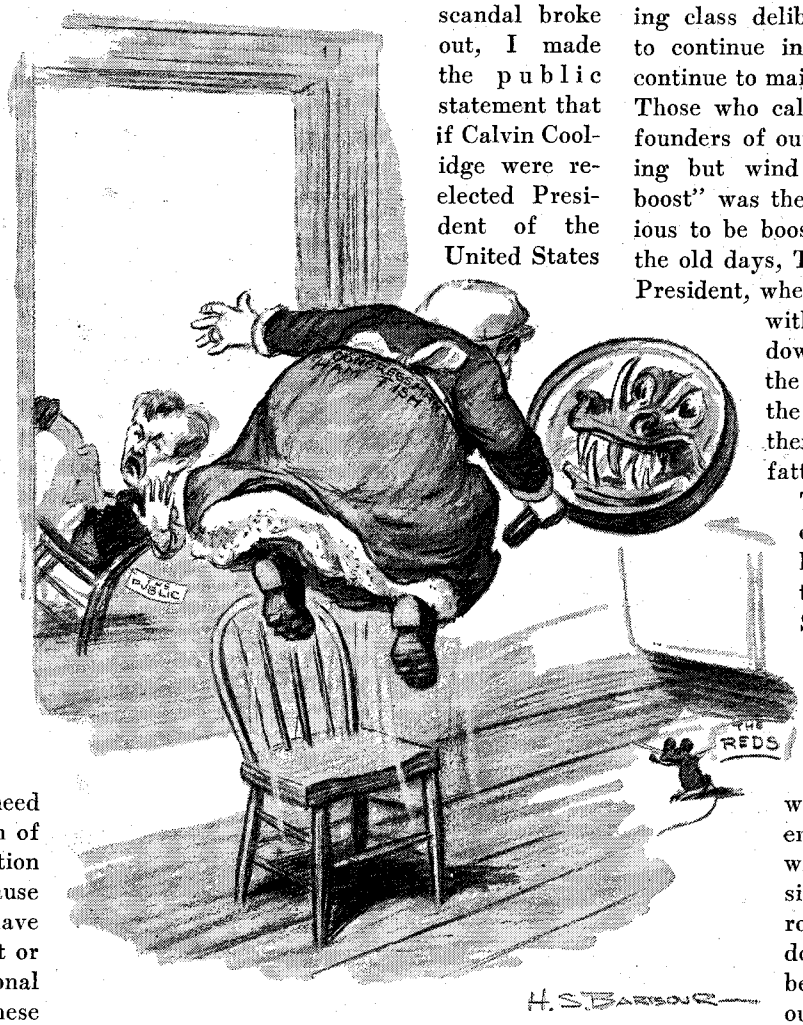
trial in this country is interrupted by cries of "I object" from the lawyers of one side or another. However fruitless and absurd these objections may be, if any one of those made by the losing side should favorably impress the superior court which does not consider the facts or even know them, a new trial will ensue. The result is that in practice a law case today is practically a trial by combat and he who hires the best champion is practically certain of victory. The skill which can guide a litigant through the hideous and absurd intricacies of our criminal and civil law receives a worthy hire. Fees of $50,000 or $100,000 are not unusual. A million and more have been gladly paid. It is this that makes law in the United States a purchasable commodity; it is this condition that brings it into contempt.

There is a general belief in a community that influence and money can free practically any person from the consequences of any action. The vast majority of our countrymen unquestionably believe that the only way to pass a minor examination similar to that demanded in many states for automobile driving is to slip a small sum to the examiner. Most people believe that a customs official can not see silk underclothes through a twenty-dollar note, and practically everybody believes that no person of the slightest eminence or wealth ever need pay any fine for the violation of a traffic law. I make no mention of escape from jury duty because neither judges nor lawyers have any real desire for intelligent or independent jurors. My personal opinion is that in most of these cases the public is wrong. I have never in my life given a bribe to any public official and have no recollection of ever having been treated discourteously by them, but I have unquestionably stated the public belief.

Do we require a Bolshevist carrying bags of golden rubles to compare for us the fate of Mooney with that of the heroes of Teapot Dome? On the one hand, we find a man convicted at a time of great public excitement on the most suspicious evidence, every bit of which has since broken down; it is notorious that perjury and the suborning of evidence were liberally used against Mooney by the public prosecutor in California and yet twelve years afterwards Mooney is still in jail. On the other hand, none of the managers and creators of the tissue of dishonor and fraud centering around the Teapot Dome scandal are in the slightest danger of ever seeing the inside of a jail, as long as their complacent associates remain in power in Washington, and at the helm of our financial structure and at the head of the greatest organ of publicity in the world.

In 1924, a few months after this scandal broke out, I made the public statement that if Calvin Coolidge were re-elected President of the United States not one man having an income of over $25,000 would go to jail as a result of the oil scandals. I was vigorously attacked for this. Who was I to make such a shocking attack on this stern and rock-bound example of New England virtue? Who was I to suggest that justice would not take its proper course? At the time I pointed out to my critics that though neither I nor any man could prove any future event, I was at least ready to meet them with a fool's argument—a bet, which in no single instance, to my great regret, was taken up.



If we require emissaries from Stalin to point out the fantastic failure of the prosecution against these rich and powerful men, we should be grateful for the Russian reminder.

For years we have been governed on the theory that national prosperity justified any course adopted by the administration. Those of us who complained of dishonesty in high places were laughed at and in the words of the Chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1924, were told, "Forget it!" Honest or dishonest, we were asked what did it matter as long as the people had this, that and the other luxury. Our governing class deliberately staked its right to continue in office on its ability to continue to maintain general prosperity. Those who called on the ideals of the founders of our government were nothing but wind bags. "Don't knock—boost" was the great cry of those anxious to be boosted. It reminded one of the old days, Theodore Roosevelt being President, when the whole country rang with the cry, "Don't burn down the barn to get rid of the rats"—a cry raised at the time entirely by the rats themselves or the fleas which fattened on them.

The basic philosophy of our government for the last ten years has been the "Coolidge-Mellon Seepage Theory," which suggests that if we do everything we can for the rich, benefits will seep down to the poor. In other words, if we heap high enough the table of Dives with good things, an occasional peach or a chop will roll off for Lazarus and the dogs to share. That this has been the actual policy of our government there can be no doubt. Since the end of the war in Europe, nearly twelve years ago, there have been many changes in our national system of taxation. Certain taxes have been raised and others have been lowered. It is worth noting, however, that every tax which has been raised has been one which bore most heavily on the great body of the people. It has been proved that of the taxes removed, nine-tenths of the benefit went to one one-hundredth of the people. If this is not class government, I should like to know what is.

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A Cross for Connecticut Bossism

Portrait of a Professor Turned Politician

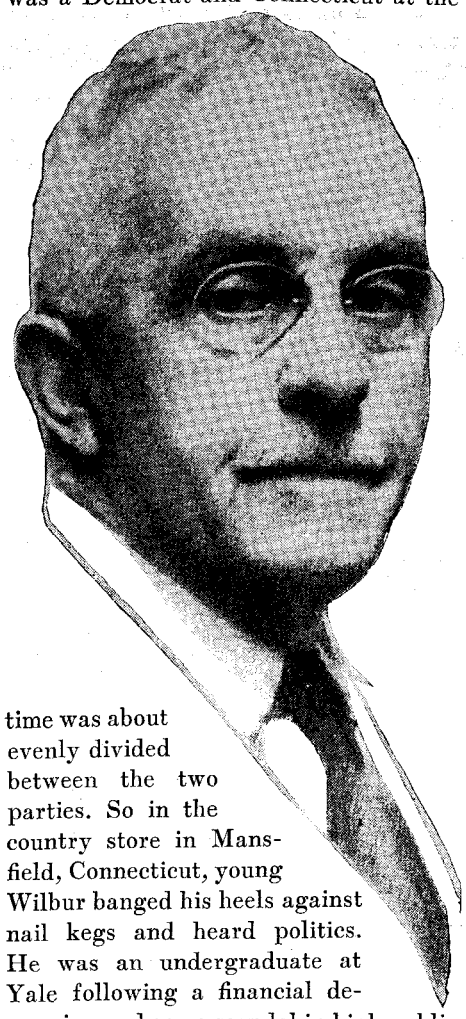
By EUGENE A. DAVIDSON

YOU recall that charming fantasy by Mark Twain, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," in which the Yankee, mounted on a cowpony, with a cowboy saddle and lariat, in jousting combats unhorsed the mailed champions of Arthur by the simple device of tossing his lariat around each opponent. Almost as much a fantasy was the political victory of Dean Wilbur Cross of Yale over the strongly entrenched and long-lived Republican dynasty of J. Henry Roraback of Connecticut. Fabulous, indeed, was the victory of this new Connecticut Yankee in King Roraback's Court—a victory that placed him in the governor's chair. It's Governor Cross, now, if you please, and not Professor—and by an accident almost as fortuitous as that queer crack on the head which transported Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee to the fancies of King Arthur's Court—only in this case it was the Republican machine which received the crack.

Political observers who read charts and regard precedents generally conceded that the Republicans would carry Connecticut as inexorably as Alabama goes Democratic. There was money and organization, together with a tradition of Republican victories since 1914. But they did not elect a governor in the year 1930 and back of their failure was not so much unemployment or business depression as the triumph of a Connecticut Yankee personality. The new governor is a Democrat, former Dean of the Graduate School of Yale University, Director of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, Editor of the *Yale Review*, biographer of Sterne and Fielding, essayist, critic, and impeccable wet.

This is an American miracle. Our political life has had scholars as office-holders on a few occasions—Lodge, Roosevelt, Wilson, for example, but they were historians and to that extent scientists, and so "practical." But Mr. Cross inherits a wider tradition that by its very catholicity has kept politicians from looking at it. After all there is nothing "practical," nothing to be turned to political account in being one of the foremost authorities on the English novel. Other countries—England with Morley, Balfour and Haldane, France with her procession of Lamartines, Clemenceaus, and Claudels—may accept their men of letters as officers of the state, but America has been consistent in keeping them men of letters. There has been in our folkways no sense that the deep implicit culture of an Age of Enlightenment could fit a man to public office.

Wilbur Cross was offered the nomination because of a peculiar set of coincidences. He has always been interested in politics as men of his generation—he was born in 1862—are likely to be. When Grant was running against Greeley no young man was even politely disinterested. Governor Cross's father was a Democrat and Connecticut at the



time was about evenly divided between the two parties. So in the country store in Mansfield, Connecticut, young Wilbur banged his heels against nail kegs and heard politics. He was an undergraduate at Yale following a financial depression and some scandal in high public offices. When Cleveland said that "public office is a public trust" young men in college, who are notoriously romantic, threw their hats and cheered. Wilbur Cross was so eloquent over the Cleveland statement that his classmates forgot his given name, called him "Senator," and predicted a public career. Last June at the forty-fifth reunion of his class—he was retiring as Dean of the Graduate School—a political career was again urged by several of his classmates who were still, and perhaps a little stubbornly, of the opinion that he would be governor or senator. One week later he made the speech that resulted in the offer of the Democratic nomination for governor.

The Democratic party in New Haven was having an outing. Mr. Cross had been invited to join the group. He had spoken in past years at several Democratic gatherings, but the affair at New Haven was a clambake. There were speeches, and one in particular that lasted for an hour and a half. When 11:15 appeared on the dials of watches that were being drawn from various bulging Democratic vests, Mr. Cross leaned towards the toastmaster and said that he guessed he had better not talk that night. Mr. O'Sullivan would not hear of that. Mr. Cross had said that he would talk, Mr. O'Sullivan had said that Mr. Cross would talk, and Mr. Cross did talk.

The preceding speeches had slandered in good clambake style the Republican party. Perhaps what the orators said was justified, but even slander palls after sufficient clams and time. Mr. Cross talked for three minutes. He said that the Democratic party had better propose constructive policies than thumb its nose at the Republicans, and that he himself opposed the Eighteenth Amendment. Then every one left—the toastmaster having made no comment, but one or two men began serious thinking. The next morning the Hartford *Courant* telephoned to Mr. Cross concerning his speech and asked if he were a candidate for governor. One of their reporters had heard a rumor. Other papers printed the speech and asked questions. Mr. Cross said that he was not opposed to this candidacy. Actually, he had planned, now that he was able to forget the Graduate School and the University Budget Committee, to write another book. In other words, while he had no objection to their using his name he had no expec-

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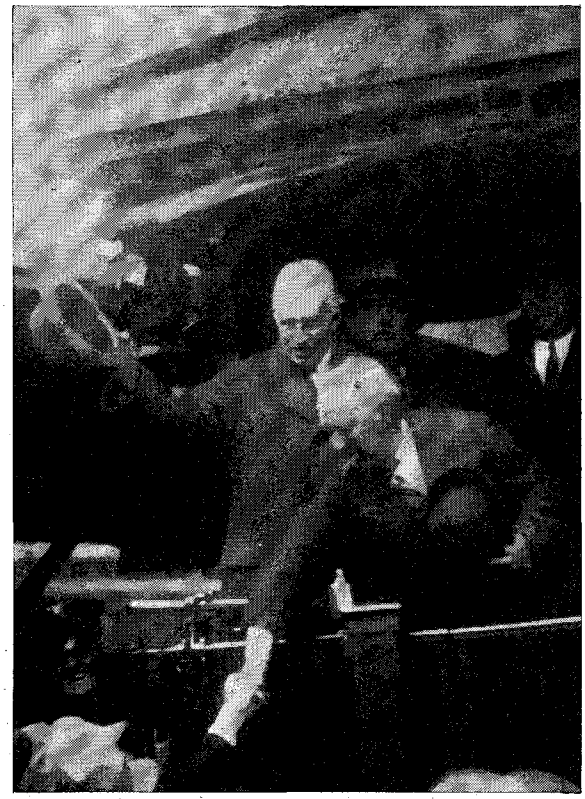
tation and small desire that they should. But when the movement gained momentum and good Democrats talked of a probable nomination, he was in a predicament. He had not stopped editorial comment on his speech, he had let them go ahead and mention him for governor, as they do so often in the summer months before a convention. He could either take the nomination now or prove embarrassing.

From the point of view of some Democratic politicians he was sent by God. Connecticut has had no Democratic governor since Simeon Baldwin, 1910-1914, and the Republican machine guided by J. Henry Roraback had become so agile a steam roller that one of its governors, Hiram Bingham, was flattened into a United States Senator two days after his election as governor. Yet in the presidential campaign Al Smith polled a respectable vote in Connecticut, and neighboring states, such as New York and Massachusetts, have strong Democratic organizations. Something ought to be done, they reasoned, and here was Wilbur Cross. So they soberly offered the nomination and he quite as soberly accepted it.

But the nomination on the Democratic ticket had come to be nothing more than a polite gesture of recognition for distinguished careers in the state. A strong Republican political machine was running Connecticut, not with the throttle open but carefully with an end in view. J. Henry Roraback has dominated the politics and much of the economics of the state for twelve years. His Republican organization is concerned with the small towns of the state which is graced with a peculiarly rotten borough system. For example, New Haven with a population of 160,000 has two representatives in the state's House of Representatives. The town of Union, which musters some 200 votes, also has two representatives. No city has more than two of these gentlemen and no town has less than one. So an organization need not center its activities where the population by bulk is difficult to handle. Control is easily maintained through newspapers and patronage in the rural districts and it is quite as effective.

Roraback is president of the Connecticut Light and Power Company, supplying current to thirty-five cities and towns, to all the street car lines and the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. It is something to have the Public Service Commission appointments when the physical properties of a utility amount to $60,000,000. Although he has controlled Connecticut so closely during these years there have been revolts and rumors of revolt from time to time. Governor Templeton during his term in 1923 refused to appoint the Roraback nominee for his secretary, and



DEAN CROSS AND AL SMITH

in various other ways made himself unpleasant. Roraback retaliated through the legislature, which would have nothing to do with Templeton's policies.

In 1928 the Connecticut delegation to the Republican national convention voted steadily against Hoover, on instructions, of course, from J. Henry, and even when the nomination of Hoover was assured, joined in no parades of affirmation. That was not good politics, but orders were explicit and the discipline was spectacular. Then there was the affair last year when it became apparent that Hiram Bingham was not exceptionally useful in promoting the Republican tariff legislation. Manufacturers in the state became a little more doubtful of the Roraback influence when so much publicity was burning over their activities. There is another group led by Alfred Levitt of an academic and legal background, that has been fighting Roraback inside the Republican party, and while they elected only three delegates to the party convention they gave some additional publicity to J. Henry himself and do not improve the clatter of the Republican gears. So Roraback, who has never held political office, has nevertheless held the state and run its politics if not exactly as he pleased then surely within pleasurable limits. For Cross to win, Roraback's carefully attuned party mechanism had to be mishandled—and it was.

When the Democratic nominations were made Dean Cross immediately made his presence felt. His faction presented as its candidate for chairman of the state Democratic party Mr. O'Sullivan, who had presided so well at the clambake. Once one of the old guard said to Cross that if he would not play their kind of ball they would run another candidate. Cross told them to go ahead, and as they couldn't, O'Sullivan became chairman. He turned out to be good.

The nomination went off successfully with Cross immediately attacking Roraback in his speech of acceptance as the man who ran Connecticut from behind a screen, and calling for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment "lest we become a nation of gin drinkers."

"You cannot put people in jail," he said loudly, "for doing what their ancestors have done for centuries."

A few weeks later the Republicans elaborately straddled prohibition in their platform and nominated for governor Ernest Rogers, a dry. That was a strategic mistake, although it prevented a third candidate being run by Republican drys. J. Henry Roraback took the stump. That was another mistake. A campaign of personal attack against Cross was started with a violent statement by a John J. Splain, vice-president of the Friends of Irish Freedom. Splain had written and signed a pamphlet dated New Haven, Oct. 23, 1930, that was headed "Dean Cross of the Unholy Three: an open letter to Friends of Irish Freedom," and then it went on:

In 1919 and 1920 the friends of Ireland in America were battling against tremendous obstacles to secure official American Recognition of Ireland's right

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to Independence . . . . Wilbur Cross then was Ireland's enemy—implacable, energetic, unyielding.

The letter mentioned the petition which Dean Cross and other members of the Yale Faculty had sent to Congress in 1920. The part that seemed to bother Mr. Splain, for he had it set in bold type, read, "We protest in particular against any Congressional resolutions or items in political platforms touching upon the relations of Great Britain and Ireland." The petition had closed with the rather modest note that since we had resented foreign interference in our domestic affairs we should not fail to act in the present instance with the propriety that we then required of other nations.

Mr. Splain also demanded in this pamphlet, "Just ask Mr. Cross now . . . would he write, head and circulate the petition in 1930 as he wrote, headed and circulated it in 1920. If he answers, any way he answers, make him answer straight." Mr. Cross answered simply. He said he would do the same thing again. That was all right, and then by one of those acts of God which are not unknown in politics the Splain pamphlet was found in the mail of all the Protestant clergymen of Hartford and on a large number of doorsteps throughout the towns and counties of the state. The majority in most of these localities went for Cross for governor.

MR. CROSS in his campaign created several precedents. He went into the small towns of the state where many of the inhabitants had never seen a Democratic candidate for high office. He went there and he spoke their language. He also spoke some Swedish to a gathering of that origin and Italian to another meeting of that nationality. In Tolland County, where he was born, he returned to make a speech and said during the introductory remarks:

> So I take it for granted that everybody in Tolland County except perhaps some dependents for livelihood on the other party intend to vote the Democratic ticket this year. . . . It is just a hundred years since Tolland County gave a Governor to Connecticut. He was inaugurated in 1831. So next year is to become for Tolland County another Centennial Celebration. I expect to be on hand. . . . I myself can still pitch off a load of hay, milk a cow, or break up a settin' hen.

Then he went on to discuss new roads for the rural districts to be paid for considerately enough out of the gasoline tax. He would restore political freedom to the people. . . .

Wilbur Cross is one of the most able critics of the English novel. His biographies of Sterne and Fielding are classics. The curious combination of the satire of eighteenth century England with the Yankee humor that is essential to him resulted in effective speeches, and his long academic experience in lecturing stood him in good stead. In a speech in Hartford he said, "The Republican plank on prohibition is a maze of 144 words through which a reader wanders to no conclusion. They are weasel words in which one sentence sucks the blood of another. In the end all the words lie dead." And of Roraback, "The leader of the Republican party is trying to play two rôles which for the public safety should be kept apart. As the spokesman of his party he is expected to put first the interests of the people of Connecticut. As president and director in a chain of public utility companies he is equally expected to put first the interest of the corporations he represents. In all questions of dispute he must do one or the other. He cannot do both. 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.' Either God or Mammon must be betrayed. It is usually God who is left in the lurch."

The Republican prohibition plan he described as "amphibian," and turning to his audience, "You all know what an amphibian is—a fish on the way to becoming a reptile." Towards the end of the campaign with the Republican leaders obviously worried there were published page advertisements listing Rogers's extraordinary achievements, and alongside where those for Cross might have been there read for the most part "nothing." Rogers, it appeared, had been president of a bank, lieutenant governor, etc. Mr. Cross said any one could get together a list of that kind, and asked, "What trust company was Washington or Lincoln ever president of?"

THE same qualities were apparent in his personal encounters. One woman told him he was trying to catch a black cat in a black room. Mr. Cross replied, "While going along a country road on a pretty dark night I saw what I thought first was a cat, but when I turned a flashlight on it it seemed to have a white stripe running down its back." On another occasion he was being introduced to a town Democratic leader and the man who was introducing made the conventional remark, "Mr. ——, I don't believe you know Mr. Cross." The Dean leaned over with a firm hand and voice saying, "You'll know me after November 4, Mr. . . ."

THERE is nothing of the pedant about Governor Cross, notwithstanding his record as a scholar. He likes people and likes to talk with them and, if anything, exaggerates a natural casualness. He has a habit of rumpling his hair while talking, which accentuates the informality of the occasion. He looks amused and he usually is, but behind the genial manner is a shrewd brain that pokes around a question until an answer of surprising utility is evolved. Some of the party leaders wanted to modify his attacks on Roraback, to soften his attitude towards the Eighteenth Amendment or at least not to say too much about it. But Cross would have none of that. A man has to stand for something, he told them, and from his opening speech he stood for repeal, for attack on the one party system in the state, and for a return to constitutional government—which was just about the old doctrine of states' rights. Some of the prohibitionists who ordinarily would have voted for a college professor were indignant over his straightforward statements. A woman told him that there were enough Crosses to bear in life without adding him. He replied gently, "There is the highest precedent for carrying Crosses and I am afraid that we will all have to carry them—for posterity."

The Cross victory was not only a surprise to political observers but also to the successful candidate himself. His program for the next year had been to write a book, to go abroad by invitation of the University of Louvain and give some lectures on the English novel. There was no change in the program until the election returns were in. The numerical magnitude of his victory was not overwhelming. His majority was less than six thousand. But the average Republican majorities in the state for the last decade have been ten times that. Furthermore, he was the only state official of his party to be elected. The lieutenant governor, the attorney general, the secretary of state, are all Republican, as is the House of Representatives and the Senate, although in both Democratic gains were recorded. Obviously he will have need of the veto power and the effective publicity that a protest over

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The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Too Many Billions?

AT A SIGNAL from leader Babbitt, the cheering section displays brightly colored cards bearing the figures $69,417,515,929, which represents the total value of products manufactured by 206,556 establishments in more than 300 industries in the United States during 1929.

The whistle sounds and the cards disappear, to come back a few seconds later showing $11,421,631,054, the amount paid in wages during 1929 to a body of wage-earners averaging 8,742,761. Cheer-leader Babbitt turns a handspring and shouts through his megaphone that these figures show such-and-such increases over those reported on completion of the census of manufacturers for 1927.

Of the 60,000 people who pack the stands and bleachers, 59,999 cheer lustily. Only a single customer remains inarticulate,—a quiet little man in one of the less expensive seats. He, strangely enough, is thinking. Sixty-nine billions. A lot of money. A big year, 1929. Remember watching it from month to month and wondering whether we weren't overdoing this mass production business. In view of what happened in 1930, guess I was right.

Why do we do it? Search me—I don't know. Too much steel, too much oil, too much wheat, cotton, textiles, shoes. Too much craze for volume. Too much stress on production and not enough on distribution. No correlation between manufacturing and marketing. Sixty-nine billions in products! Might have been better if we had made ten per cent less and sold all of it at fair prices. Well, no use of suggesting such ideas to this crowd. They would still follow Babbitt. He can yell louder than I can.

Another Merger Squabble

ENCOURAGED by the outcome of the Bethlehem-Youngstown case, certain stockholders of Pathe Exchange, Inc., have filed suit to restrain the sale of the company's assets to Radio Keith Orpheum Corporation, on the ground that the contract under which the two enterprises were to merge is unfair to the Pathe shareholders and would make their stock holdings valueless.

The Pathe enterprise, started in France by Charles Pathe in 1898, claims to be the oldest motion picture concern in the United States. It owns film plants in Jersey City and Bound Brook, New Jersey, and a studio at Culver City, California; leases a studio at Long Island City and maintains offices in New York City.

The complaint filed by the protesting stockholders alleges that Pathe has realized a million dollars since August, 1930, on two films, *Holiday* and *Sin Takes a Holiday*, and that the two pictures will, in all probability, produce another million. Two other films now being produced *(Rebound* and *Painted Desert)* are expected to bring in several million dollars more.

R-K-O is alleged in the complaint to be a rival of Pathe, desiring the proposed merger because of Pathe's successful screen productions, its contracts with such popular stars as Ann Harding and Constance Bennett, and its assets amounting to $15,000,000. This is another fight between stockholders and directors, and although it can scarcely prove to be as sensational as the Youngstown fracas, it promises to have spice enough to crash the front page with a fair degree of regularity.

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100) January 1—78.5. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) January 1—69.1.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.) Week ended December 20—713,810 cars (reduction of 30,633 under preceding week and of 128,965 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended December 27—24% of capacity (reduction of 10% under preceding week and of 15.5% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended December 27—daily average gross 2,126,750 barrels (reduction of 75,450 under preceding week and of 480,950 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's) Week ended January 1 (holiday week)—$8,037,303,000 (increase of 3.8% over preceding holiday week; reduction of 26.6% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.) Week ended January 1 (holiday week)—542 (increase of 85 over preceding holiday week and of 41 over same week of 1929).

Vagaries—Series 12A

IN DEFERENCE to the wishes of members of the Vagaries Aid Association who object to the use of the number 13, we present Series 12A with the following *ausserordentlich* items:

1. That "dollar day" in an Illinois town. Retail stores featured bargains in merchandise; physicians treated all cases (including obstetrical) and undertakers did embalming, all at a dollar.

2. That repercussion of the Portuguese dictatorship on the gay life of Lisbon. Sidewalk cafés are abolished, and thousands of tables and easy chairs which used to stand in front of restaurants along the avenidas have been sent to storage.

3. That international airship hall which is being built near Friedrichshafen. It will cover 418,000 square yards of surface, and 85 acres of forest are being cleared for a landing field.

4. Those artificial earthquake waves which are being sent through the ground to see what rock formations will be encountered underneath the Strait of Gibraltar, and to ascertain whether a railroad tunnel can be built, connecting Europe and Africa.

5. That windowless factory building, to be constructed at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, at a cost of $1,500,000. It will be scientifically ventilated, and hundreds of thousand-watt bulbs will be so arranged as to provide uniform light.

The Flow of Money

IN *Money Rates and Money Markets in the United States* (Harper $4) Winfield W. Riefler explains the rate movements in the American money market since the establishment of the Federal Reserve system.

Mr. Riefler distinguishes three principal groups of money rates: open-market rates for short and long terms, and rates charged by banks to their customers. His chief statistical contribution is in connection with the last-named group.

Open-market quotations for both short and long term money have been available for some time, but rates charged by banks to their customers, not being publicly quoted, are more difficult to ascertain. From reports obtained by the Federal Reserve Board from banks throughout the country, a series of figures has been built up that offers an opportunity for studying the rates paid for money by persons engaged in trade and industry.

In his concluding chapter, Mr. Riefler discusses the functions of banks in general and of banks of issue in particular in relation to processes of physical production and distribution.

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▶▶ Fallacies in Good Times and Bad ◀◀

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

OUR ability to think out our economic problems clearly seems to vary inversely with the deviation of our environmental conditions from normal. Past experience shows that most economic fallacies gain currency either when times are hard or when the country is overflowing with milk and honey.

The greenback movement of the seventies and the free-silver movement of the nineties were the products of two major financial disturbances. In more recent years the maladjustments incident to a fluctuating price level have led to the dreams of a "valorized" dollar and a "controlled" currency, whereby fluctuating commodity prices with a fixed dollar would give way to stable prices with a fluctuating dollar.

The men who have championed expedients like these have been as sincere in their convictions as they have been mistaken in their aims. The imperfections in our economic system have evoked in them a sense of injustice. They have seen that the shoe does not pinch all alike, and that some actually prosper under conditions which drive others to despair. If they announce their program of change in a period of acute depression they usually have no trouble in rallying a substantial following, and frequently the more radical and emotional their appeal the greater the response they are able to evoke.

But economic fallacies are by no means confined to periods of adversity. When nature is bountiful, when the wheels of industry are humming and the markets are crowded with buyers, men can have delusions of infallibility and grandeur just as readily as they can be led to try all sorts of patent-medicine remedies when business is ill.

For an illustration we may turn to the post-armistice boom of 1919-20, when most business men had convinced themselves that the War had changed everything; that prices were rising to a permanently higher level; that the country had become so rich and powerful that it could withstand the economic shocks which had disturbed it in past years; that there was not enough of anything to go around, and that the obvious course for every manufacturer and merchant was to buy goods and still more goods while they were to be had and to hold them for the higher prices which were sure to come.

The results of these delusions are now familiar history. Most of us can recall the buyers' strike of 1920, the swollen inventories, the frozen credits, the losses from deflation, the slump in production and the many other troubles which followed the too eager acceptance of the fallacious notions of the post-war years.

It seemed for a time that these lessons were well learned. In the next few years the fluctuations in general business activity were relatively slight. There was some expansion in 1923, a moderate reaction in 1924, improvement in 1925-26, and another mild recession in 1927. On the whole, however, business remained on a fairly even keel. Indeed, this very stability was largely responsible for the rise of another delusion, namely, that the business cycle had at last been brought under control, and that the intermittent storms of other years had been banished. And so there arose a school of prophets in the land who proclaimed the gospel of a new economic era. Here are a few samples of their preachments:

1. Our economic progress so far represents only a scratching of the surface. The possibilities of the immediate future are practically unlimited, because of our newly acquired wisdom and technique.

2. In this new era previous experience counts for nothing. Success depends on one's ability to break away from the trammels of the past.

3. The United States is exempt from the troubles which have been embarrassing the effete nations overseas, because of the superiority of its economic organization, its laws and its social institutions.

4. In due course poverty within the United States will be completely abolished.

5. We are approaching the time when every American family will have its two-car garage.

6. One way to help the forward march of this prosperity is to buy luxuries out of future income.

7. The stocks of good companies, because of our impending prosperity, are cheap at almost any price. Therefore buy them.

8. The investment trust provides a way whereby everybody, even the day laborer, may become rich.

There is no need to explain the fallacies in these tenets of the new-era school. Events of the past eighteen months have made them self-evident. In this brief period we have learned that we are not immune to the troubles which have afflicted trade and industry in past years; that we cannot prosper regardless of what is happening abroad; that stock prices cannot go up forever, and that, in sum, the new-era doctrine is nothing but sheer nonsense and that its expounders belong in the class with the vendors of snake-oil guaranteed to cure everything from corns to cancer. We have also become painfully aware that the business cycle is still on the job.

The lessons that have been learned attest the uses of adversity, and they belong on the credit side of the 1930 ledger. But while we have been divesting ourselves of the fallacies engendered of the boom period, it seems that we have been acquiring a few new freakish notions as a by-product of the days of depression. First in the list of these is the idea that an enlarged public-works program will restore prosperity; that a few score new post offices and court houses will drive away all our troubles. Public construction prudently planned will relieve some of the unemployment and distress, but at best it is only a palliative and by no means a preventive or a cure.

Next, there is the idea that prosperity can be restored by lavish spending and the creation of useless jobs. Two of the new-era economists have actually been denouncing the nation's saving habits. Some members of Congress want to give the ex-soldiers their bonuses now instead of some fifteen years hence, on the assumption that their expenditure of several billions will bring back good times. An eminent American industrialist has declared that the additional spending of a dollar per capita per week is all that the country needs for a business revival.

The trouble about most such fallacies is that they contain a small grain of truth, which makes them all the more dangerous and harder to eradicate. Their most deadly enemy is the course of events. When conditions change their proponents do not recant; they merely drop their agitation till the return of a more convenient season. At any rate, the events of 1930 have swept away most of the wrong notions which contributed to our recent troubles, and that is a distinct gain.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Prophet and Propagandist

"THE Last Days of Shylock" by Ludwig Lewisohn (Harper $2.50). A long short story is another chapter from Lewisohn's elegiac history of his race, resembling in quality the interludes used by Lewisohn to emphasize the theme of his novel, *The Island Within*. Shylock, developed by a natural progression from the Shakespearian character, is a symbol of the Jew in Renaissance Christendom. The story opens at the end of the trial. Shylock, full of righteous anger, disgusted with the tricks of the "effeminate young lawyer" who spoke of mercy to one of that race which had received no mercy, returns from the palace to his empty home. He is still bitter against his daughter, Jessica, who has left him for a Christian lover. Friends try in vain to console him. He recalls his past life with its typical tragedies, and a picture of the efforts and sufferings of the Jews during the sixteenth century passes before his mind's eye. He decides that there is no hope for him in Venice and sails for Byzantium, where the great Jewish banking family of Mendes-Nassi is established in the confidence and favor of the Sultan. Shylock has long been the bankers' agent in Venice. From Byzantium he is sent by his patrons as the head of a repatriation expedition to Palestine. The expedition fails; Arabs are as ruthless as Christians. Shylock returns broken in spirit to Byzantium, whence he presently goes to Cyprus, accompanying his patron and an army of occupation in a successful attack on the Venetian colony. In Cyprus, Shylock is reunited to his daughter, deserted with her three children by Lorenzo. The children are taken into the Jewish faith and Shylock ends his days in peaceful resignation and in dreaming of a happier future for his grandchildren. The bitterness which endured through the years of his vigor, side by side with rebelliousness and righteous rage, gives place to a recognition of the superior value of acceptance. Shylock comes through suffering to the decision that the inviolable temple of the intellect and spirit endures while the creations of the flesh perish.

It is a mistake to describe Lewisohn as either a propagandist or a special pleader. He is rather a prophet for his people who makes use of parable, in Biblical fashion, for the emphasizing of his message. He has become somewhat too much the prophet to be the true novelist, but his narrative gift is great enough to carry this story of the old age of Shylock along with emotional intensity. And his style is rich and finished as ever, making all that he writes a delight to read. The same can scarcely be said of

Illustrations from "Romantic Czecho-Slovakia" by Robert Medill McBride (McBride)

Roman Holiday by Upton Sinclair (Farrar and Rinehart $2.50), which is written much in the manner of the Henty books. Sinclair's fierce earnestness makes a spirited narrative out of an absurd plot and if one considers him as a journalist and not as a man of letters his work passes the test of fitness. In *Roman Holiday* he has selected a difficult method of presenting his theme, and, being a literal-minded man, he struggles manfully to make his analogical method function properly in every detail. In order to show the likeness which he feels to exist between America of today and Rome at the close of the Carthaginian wars, he has his protagonist, a young American capitalist, suffer a fractured skull in a senseless accident and, during a period of coma, find himself in ancient Rome. In the Roman scene he and all the other figures of the American story reappear exactly in character. The machinery of this transformation creaks terribly and provokes more snickers than gasps. But the thing is clever and entertaining. Sinclair's characters are always the personification of ideas; each represents all too perfectly a type within a class group. And, as in life, the out-and-out people are more interesting and more appealing than the middle ground men. The young capitalist, for all the falsity of some of his views, is a forthright fellow, decidedly attractive; the "Red" agitatress, although a little too clever, is substantial and hearty. Curiously enough Sinclair makes out a clearer case for his capitalists than for his revolutionaries; their program is more concretely stated. In reading *Roman Holiday* this reviewer was constantly reminded of *Overture*, the Bolitho play now being presented in New York. No comparison is suggested, but the theme is more or less similar and one receives the same impression of the hopelessness of the idealist's position, falling between the two stools of capitalism and communism. As a propagandist, Sinclair has been far more forceful in some of his other books. As a novelist, this reviewer has always found him wanting in the fundamental requirements. He cannot create character nor construct a logical plot. And as for his literary style the less said the better.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

THE recent abortive revolt in Spain lends timeliness to Mr. Evelyn Graham's *Life Story of King Alfonso*

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XIII (Dodd, Mead $5). One wishes that it were a better book, for it bears evidence of being put together in a hurry, and it gives us very little about the King's relations to the turbid political and governmental history of his reign. Alfonso is a delightful person, a good fellow, an ardent sportsman, a fine husband and father, personally popular, clever in repartee—even as a baby his biographer puts "wisecracks" in his mouth. But he is no Mussolini nor is he a fighter of dictatorship by others. All this naturally makes any book about him rather a picture of a man than that of a ruler. Even so, this volume is too heavily padded with extraneous matter, such as the long descriptive chapters about the King's palaces and Spain's art treasures, all of which has a strong smack of Baedeker. Nor is the book always well written. What, for instance, are we to make out of such a statement as, "His whole life was regulated and ruled by preparations for the throne. By great good fortune, both for himself and his people, *the contrary has been the case.*" (Italics ours.) And on the very next page is one of the most complicated, long sentences on record. Faults aside, we have some lively descriptions of royal family life, the King's splendid courage (and the Queen's also) after their narrow escape from assassination by bombs on their wedding day, and much else that makes us admire Alfonso the man.

R. D. T.

"Rachel Moon" by Lorna Rea (Harper $2.50) is the first full-length novel by the author of *Six Mrs. Greenes,* which no doubt many of you read in 1929. While the earlier book devoted itself to the delineation of six women, the present novel is a study of a young English girl who gave such free rein to her extremist tendencies that they grew into an abnormal passion for self-sacrifice in a case where there was no real need for it. The plot is very simple. Rachel Moon at eighteen is called home from a Lucerne finishing school because of her mother having been hopelessly stricken by paralysis. Her father wishes her to take the mother's place as head of the household. But that is not enough for Rachel with her all-or-nothing philosophy. She runs the house but in addition cares for the unconscious and senseless form that was her mother with a fanatical devotion. But when a vacation punctuates the vigil she falls in love with Clive, falls in love as she does all things—to extreme. In the war between love and devotion, what she conceives to be her duty wins, and after a year of side-stepping the

From "Romantic Czecho-Slovakia"

issue Rachel tells Clive she cannot marry him. Even as a pendulum swings violently before regaining balance, Clive marries her younger sister Perdita, and they go off to live in Zurich. After four years Mrs Moon dies and Rachel wanders about aimlessly with no object for her self-immolation. Then an older sister dies and Rachel rushes home to sacrifice herself to the upbringing of her young nephew. The book is exceedingly well done. If there are times when you want to shake Rachel until her foolish obsession is dislodged, such a reaction only pays tribute to this author's gift for sensitive and concise character delineation.—B. W.

"Shatter the Dream" by Norah C. James (Morrow $2) is the story of Robin Downs and his love for Brenda Banham-Jones, a trivial, philandering and utterly selfish woman who loved her husband but tried to relieve her temperamental boredom and restlessness with a series of mild affairs. To her Robin was merely an incident and when he ceased to amuse her he was discarded for some one else. But Robin was young, overly intense, overly idealistic, and to him Brenda was everything good and beautiful. His love for her so harrowed his mind and body that he was unable to sleep or eat properly. As a result of his rundown condition he contracted a mortal disease which resulted in a severe and fatal paralytic stroke shortly after Brenda had discarded him. This third novel by Miss James has been awaited with some expectancy because of the promise of possible achievement shown in her two previous books, *To the Valiant* and *Sleeveless Errand.* Unfortunately this promise has not been fulfilled. *Shatter the Dream* smacks of the written-to-order formula which characterizes so much modern magazine fiction. The only departure it makes from this formula is in the fact that it has a tragic ending. The novel is light and trivial with practically no virtues to compensate its shallowness. There is no denying the fact that Miss James has a certain gift for characterization, but she has so obscured it with tinsel situations and dialogue that the whole impression is one of unimportance.

B. W.

The Outlook's Five-Inch Shelf
For Week-End Reading

Mystery: **The Man in the Brown Suit,** by Agatha Christie: Dodd Mead.

Novel: **Rachel Moon,** by Lorna Rea: Harper.

Biography: **The Education of a Princess,** by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia: Viking.

Miscellaneous: **Mario and the Magician,** by Thomas Mann: Knopf.

Behind the Blurbs

One of the best of Agatha Christie's entertaining and ingenious thrillers, *The Man in the Brown Suit*[1], out of print for some time, has just been republished. It concerns pretty Anne Beddingfeld, and the perils that beset her when she followed up the clue to a murder mystery that took her aboard a steamship bound for South Africa. Mrs. Christie has humor, and so have her heroines and villains, and why not? We tire of these desperately serious and solemn storybook criminals. It seems to us only fair to let them laugh a little, as long as they are bound to be hanged or electrocuted or guillotined anyway in the last chapter. ☘ ☘ ☘ Did Adrian (in *The Murder Trap*[2]) shoot his Uncle Charles in order to get his inheritance more quickly? Or how about Hughes, Uncle Charles' secretary, who acted so suspiciously? Jimmy Traynor, private detective, sets a trap for the murderer, and with the help of a number of "brain waves," catches him—and then has to revise his entire theory of the crime before he can do the usual reconstruction for the benefit of the bereft. Incredible in spots, but entertaining throughout,

1. Dodd Mead, $2.00.
2. By Armstrong Livingston: Bobbs Merrill, $2.00.

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and with a surprise at the end. ♣ ♣ ♣ A good deal of unnecessary heroism was used up by Messrs. Chandos and Hanbury and their manservants, as well as by Lelia, the lovely peasant, Countess Marya, and Duchess Leonie, in *By Royal Command*[3], a sequel to the Zendaesque *Blood Royal*. For after, in the first novel, getting the heroine safely out of her dangerous country and marrying her, Chandos and his friend weren't happy until they got back in again, and then, with the police hot on their trail, such a flitting back and forth across the border as there was! Even the reader had difficulty keeping track who was on which side, and no wonder Duke Paul was peevish. Unquestionably Mr. Dornford Yates can write a good fast-moving romantic yarn when he takes pains. Unfortunately in this one, though there are some exciting incidents, the plot is so rickety, and there is so much sham romantic posturing that the pains are all on the side of the reader. ♣ ♣ ♣ A rambling tale of the captain of a coasting vessel in Eastern waters is *China Seas*[4], by Crosbie Garstin. Interesting and full of anecdotes related by this or that passenger, it continually loses sight of what might have been a good plot and when anything exciting does happen it is all over in a page and the story rambles aimlessly on. It's the stage setting for a good adventure story. ♣ ♣ ♣ *Games for Two*[5] is the book you'll want to take with you to the desert island in case a Man Friday turns up. It includes rules for honeymoon bridge, cassino (why the double s?), cribbage, conquian, rum, rumily, Russian bank, bezique, piquet, pinochle, high-low-jack, backgammon, camelot, dominoes and anagrams. ♣ ♣ ♣ The first time Sir John Riversley played in his home town somebody slipped into his dressing room and punched a hole in him with a rapier. The rest of *The Dressing Room Murder*[6] concerns itself with the way in which the local detective talent managed to solve the mystery without calling in outside experts. There are half a dozen suspects, and suspicion is shifted from one to another by the sure hand of J. S. Fletcher, who, though he never writes an incredible tale, sometimes does write a rather dull one. Not that this one is dull; it's one of the best of the heaven-knows-how-many Mr. F. has written.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

3. Minton Balch, $2.00.
4. Stokes, $2.00.
5. By Mrs. Prescott Warren: Harcourt Brace, $1.50.
6. Knopf, $2.00.

The Age of International Innocence

As Seen in Recent Books

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE AGE which proclaimed that God was in His Heaven and that all was well with the world is not so remote that men now living cannot recall those days when the world was the young European's oyster and when Empire, War and Victory were bright and empty words. A group of recent biographies helps us to recapture that world, while two more serious studies help us to visualize the rift within the Victorian lute, which led to the wreck of a generation.

First and foremost, let it be said, America had almost nothing to say in those happy bygone days which intervened between Disraeli and Asquith. William A. Robinson's *Thomas B. Reed: Parliamentarian* (Dodd, Mead) reveals, as nothing else could, the parochialism of American politics in the 'Eighties. "Czar" Reed, the famous down-East lawyer who muzzled the House of Representatives and aspired to the presidency, towered high in the era of Cleveland, but his entire career was conducted in terms of American local issues, and, for all his wit and learning, he left no significant mark upon our history.

The world of the 'Eighties belonged to the English. England was expanding in one of those convenient fits of absence of mind which has given her dominion over a quarter of the globe. Other nations had a chance at the crumbs from the African table-lands, but the period 1880-1900 was British. This was the period in which Winston Churchill, with his habitual presence of mind, had the good taste to be born. Backed by birth and powerful friendships, young Churchill had a gay, mad time of it, until he entered Parliamentary politics during the Boer War. *A Roving Commission: My Early Life* (Scribner's), is an engaging account of his adventures on the Indian frontier, in the Sudan and in the South African War.

While Churchill was entering politics other men were already at work. Lord Balfour's posthumous *Retrospect* (Houghton, Mifflin) depicts the formation of that famous "Fourth Party," and describes the recasting of British party politics which was rendered necessary by the passing of Disraeli and the senescence of Gladstone. Sir Charles Mallet's *Mr. Lloyd George* (Dutton) analyzes the career of yet another British politician who was winning his spurs as a pro-Boer.

Underneath it all was the purposeful rise of German power and the threat of an Anglo-German war. In *Kaiser and Chancellor* (Macmillan), Karl Friedrich Nowak has sketched the tactics by which the ex-Kaiser got rid of the veteran Bismarck, dropping the pilot who had held the balance in Europe between England and Russia.

The result was what E. T. S. Dugdale, editor and translator of German Diplomatic Documents 1871-1914, describes as *The Growing Antagonism, 1898-1910* (Harper's). In this period, England, the England of Rosebery and Balfour, bought German neutrality during the Boer War with the promise of the reversion of the Portuguese Colonies —a promise which they took pains to prevent becoming a reality. The Germany of Wilhelm slipped slowly into distrust and dislike of the England of Balfour, and ended by going to war with the England of Churchill and Lloyd George.

Alongside of this political clash of Empires marched the financial armies of the European nations. Herbert Feis has written for the Council on Foreign Relations one of those ground-breaking and suggestive studies which amaze the reader with its complete documentation and make him wonder why it has not been done before. In *Europe: The World's Banker, 1870-1914* (Yale Press), Mr. Feis analyzes the relation between world-policy and world-finance, as represented by England, France and Germany in the period of their financial predominance.

Yet finance itself was only a tool in the grip of empire. It tided over crises and profited by policies, but in the end money took its marching orders with the rest of mankind at the outbreak of the World War. It was war and more than war: the end of the age of international innocence. Today we have been taught to distrust everything, peace, progress, politics, imperialism and war itself.

So they have passed: Balfour and Bismarck to the silence, Churchill and Lloyd George to the opposition, Wilhelm to exile, and the money to America. Perhaps we'll know better next time.

JOHN CARTER.

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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta;* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon;* JOHN WANAMAKER, *Philadelphia;* THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE INC., *Boston, Massachusetts.*

Fiction

Philippa, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton Mifflin. A highly readable novel about a modern girl and her divorced parents. Reviewed November 5.

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley: Harper. "Good old-fashioned tack," ripe, juicy and full-measure. You'll enjoy this English story. Reviewed September 10.

The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield: Harcourt Brace. A rich, moving story of a woman's growth into fullness of life. Reviewed October 15.

The Bitter Tea of General Yen, by Grace Zaring Stone: Bobbs-Merrill. Delightfully told adventures of an American girl in revolutionary China. Reviewed October 22.

The King's Minion, by Rafael Sabatini: Houghton Mifflin. The story of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, and his rise to power under the guidance of Thomas Overbury. Reviewed October 29.

Non-Fiction

Little America, by Richard E. Byrd: Putnam. A complete account of the Antarctic Expedition. Reviewed in issue of December 24.

The Story of San Michele, by Axel Munthe: Dutton. Picturesque autobiography of a famous doctor, now available in a new edition with special preface by the author. Reviewed May 21.

Jeb Stuart, by Capt. John W. Thomason: Scribner's. A detailed and picturesque history of the great Confederate cavalryman. Illustrated by the author. Reviewed December 17.

Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by F. Yeats-Brown: Viking Press. An exciting account of a many-sided life in India. Reviewed November 5.

Hullabaloo, by Peter Arno: Liveright. Another book of this artist's amusing drawings, many of which have appeared in *The New Yorker.* Reviewed in issue of December 10.

In This Issue

GUY GREER has been attached to various commissions of the Versailles Peace Conference and later served on the Reparations Commission. Mr. Greer is also a former member of the staff of the Institute of Economics at Washington and is the author of *The Ruhr-Lorraine Industrial Problem.*

HERBERT C. PELL is a resident of New York and a former Congressman. From 1919 to 1921, he was a member of the House of Representatives from the 17th New York district. From 1921 to 1926, Mr. Pell was chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee. He is also a member of numerous American and French political societies and an occasional lecturer at Columbia and Harvard.

EUGENE A. DAVIDSON is a member of the staff of the Yale University Press and a resident of New Haven. Mr. Davidson is also a close friend of Governor Cross and was very active in the latter's recent successful campaign.

FREDERICK R. BARKLEY is the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Evening Sun* and a frequent contributor to the magazines. His latest contribution to the Outlook was "The Power Issue Emerges."

The Theatre

By OTIS CHATFIELD-TAYLOR

ONCE again the Theatre Guild has presented us with evidence that it has completely recovered from the slump in which that previously estimable organization found itself last year. *Midnight,* by Paul and Claire Sifton, is an intensely sincere and generally moving and exciting play dealing with capital punishment and the intrusions into private life by the yellow press. The play itself has much of a journalistic tinge and the authors seem content to state their dramatic facts without any too great an amount of editorializing, but with, for the most part, an extremely keen eye for character drawing. The people are all easily recognizable as real.

Midnight derives its title from the fact that at midnight a murderess is to be electrocuted. Edward Weldon, in whose house the action passes, was the foreman of the jury which convicted her. The sentimentalized and sensational press is trying to harry him into making statements and even into appealing to the governor of the state to stay the execution. But Mr. Weldon is an honest man who firmly believes that he has done his clear duty as a citizen—nothing more or less—and is adamant, although he is also subjected to considerable pressure by his family. Just after the radio describes the execution, Weldon's daughter comes in and tells that she has herself murdered a young gangster who was two-timing her after having seduced her. Even with the situation thus brought home to him in his own family, Weldon believes it is his duty to turn over his daughter to the police and tell them the truth.

The authors call *Midnight* a melodrama and that, I suppose, is what it is, but in spite of its melodramatic and pat plot, the rôle and the splendid playing of Frederick Perry as Edward Weldon have more than a little of true tragedy about them. In fact I thought I discerned only one important weakness in either writing or playing, namely the part of the daughter as portrayed by Miss Linda Watkins. She is unable to take the lines she is given and convince me that she could commit a *crime passionel.* But the rest of *Midnight* is good enough to make me take that part of it for granted.

The Truth Game is an overwhelmingly artificial and unimportant little trifle by and with Ivor Novello which might better be called *Ghosts* if Ibsen had not preempted that title. We have all encountered most of the lines, the situations and the furniture with which Mr. Lee Shubert has adorned the stage in numerous previous existences. However, it must be admitted that Mr. Novello has been most adroit in brewing his frothy mixture and that thanks to the pleasant acting of him, Billie Burke, Phoebe Foster and Viola Tree it's a good deal of fun. The last-named lady scores a tremendous personal hit in a small part not unlike the one in which Hope Williams first burst upon the public in *Paris Bound.* Her humorous naturalness is an entire delight. *The Truth Game* is otherwise just one of those little English comedies in which nobody speaks a word of sense but all try to be—and often are—very witty or very rude.

A unique event in my American theatre-going experience is *Meet My Sister* which the Messrs. Shubert term a "new musical comedy" by Berr, Verneuil and Blum—adapted by Harry Wagstaff Gribble and music and lyrics by Ralph Benatsky. I don't know anything about Mr. Benatsky and am therefore ignorant as to whether his music and lyrics were in *Rencontrez Ma Soeur* (or do you suppose in spite of Mr. Verneuil's collaboration it was *Treffe Meine Schwester?*). In any case there is no reason why the music should be there, but, on the other hand, there is no earthly reason why it shouldn't be. In disarmingly casual fashion the lovely Bettina Hall, the purposely *gauche* Austrian, Walter Slezak or the eccentrically comic Olive Olsen lapse into quite pleasant song from time to time. There is no chorus and it is otherwise just a nice little continental comedy about a girl who masquerades as her own non-existent sister.

Recommended Plays

Art and Mrs. Bottle: Jane Cowl has dropped **Twelfth Night** to concentrate on this.
Civic Repertory: A French play, **Martine,** has been added to the interesting repertory.
Elizabeth the Queen: Fine acting by the Lunts in a fine play.
Fine and Dandy: Still one of the best musicals —Joe Cook.
Girl Crazy: Routine musical comedy but with slick Gershwin score.
Grand Hotel: The season's greatest dramatic smash.
Mrs. Moonlight: If you don't mind a little nice, clean sentiment for a change.
Oh, Promise Me: Hilarious lampoon of the breach of promise industry.
Once in a Lifetime: The lowdown on the movie master minds.
On the Spot: Edgar Wallace's play continues, but without Anna May Wong after this week.
Overture: A bit turgid, but sincere and often moving drama.
Sweet and Low: Glorified vaudeville often very rough and funny.
Vinegar Tree: Intelligently satirical farce with Mary Boland.
The Green Pastures shows no sign of weakening. Amen.

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The Movies

By CREIGHTON PEET

"Reaching for the Moon"

IT SEEMS to me that the most important thing about the new Douglas Fairbanks film is that it is, for the most part, pretty good fun. You may complain, and very rightly, that Bebe Daniels is not so hot in a blonde wig and that several of the jokes are of the burlesque or gents' wash-room variety. Nevertheless the present farce—which has no connection with the film of the same name which Fairbanks made in 1917—is more often than not presentable and enjoyable entertainment. On this occasion the athletic gentleman appears as a big, big broker who loses everything in the Wall Street crash. Part of his losses are due to the market and part to Bebe Daniels which whom he has just fallen in love. He follows her to Europe just as the market breaks, so that most of the action is aboard one of those slickety-slick modern liners with radio telephones, gymnasiums and such.

Most of the comedy comes from the fact that Fairbanks calls upon his valet (Edward Everett Horton) to teach him how to make love to the blonde Bebe. In order to speed his conquest, the valet concocts a medicated cocktail which he swears will put the lady in the proper frame of mind. Back in the story books they used to call these things "love potions." Not very delicate humor, certainly, and quite surprising from the boyish Mr. Fairbanks, but funny enough in its way. Possibly our hero is not quite as athletic as he once was, but he still does a deal of jumping about. On the whole *Reaching for the Moon* is a successful comedy-farce which brings Fairbanks out of his costumes into the present. There is one punk song by Irving Berlin.

"The Right to Love"

Susan Glaspell's novel, *Brook Evans,* is first-rate motion picture material, and if Paramount had not indulged in such an orgy of double-exposures I think it might have seemed much better. As it is, with Ruth Chatterton playing *three* rôles in the same film (although she appears but twice on the screen at any one time), I am afraid audiences are going to be so fascinated by the mechanical tricks that they will overlook the story. Retitled *The Right to Love* it concerns a small-town girl of thirty years ago whose lover is killed before her child is born. At the insistence of her angry father she marries the severe and righteous Caleb and moves with him to his ranch in Colorado. Years later her daughter (by her lover) is in love with a young man whom *her* father won't allow around the house. Furthermore, she is listening to the preachments of a pair of missionaries who want to drag her away to China. To save her child the mother (Ruth Chatterton) tries to get the daughter (Ruth Chatterton) to run away with her young man, but her plans go wrong and next we see the daughter in China teaching sweet little Chinese children to chant something about "sowing seeds of kindness." Then, out of the nowhere, comes Paul Lukas as a diplomatic attache, to offer her love and marriage. Decidedly interesting at all times if not a great picture.

Worth Seeing

The Blue Angel: The finest performance of the year by the ponderous Emil Jannings. Marlene Dietrich is the lady.

Min and Bill: Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery take a few socks at each other in a first-rate drama.

Morocco: Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou and the alluring Marlene Dietrich go to Morocco to "forget."

Laughter: Gay and grown-up light comedy with Nancy Carroll and Frederic March. Dialogue by Donald Ogden Stewart.

New Moon: Fine singing by Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett in a stodgy operetta.

Royal Family: Film version of the stage play about the Barrymore family with a brilliant performance by Frederic March.

Tom Sawyer: Huck and Tom played by Junior Durkin and Jackie Coogan. Delightful entertainment.

The "Ten" Best Films

The "ten" best films this reviewer saw last year were *All Quiet, The Blue Angel, The Devil's Holiday, Laughter, Street of Chance, Tom Sawyer,* and *Storm Over Asia.*

Stage plays well reproduced on the screen included *Journey's End, Old English, Outward Bound* and *The Royal Family.*

Excellent films from abroad, some in foreign languages, included *High Treason, China Express, The White Hell of Pitz Palu, Murder, Two Hearts in Waltz Time* and *Sous les Toits de Paris.*

Special mention should go to Gary Cooper, Nancy Carroll and Frederic March, all of whom have done brilliantly in the past year.

The worst feature of the past year has been Graham McNamee, who has continued to ruin each issue of the Universal newsreel with cheap puns and nauseating wisecracks.

Back on Broadway

Any number of film celebrities are appearing in Broadway stage plays this year. Lya de Putti was seen briefly in a farce, Paul Muni has attained some success in a serious piece and Lois Moran is doing extremely well in Robert Sherwood's comedy, *So This is New York.* Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque are about to appear together. Colleen Moore is expected back in person and Armida has a steady job in *Nina Rosa.*

The finest photography of the past year appeared in "Soil," a Russian film made to interest the farmers in the use of tractors

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▶▶ Phidias, U. S. A. ◀◀

By ARTHUR STRAWN

DESPITE his exotic name John Gutzon de la Mothe Borglum, better known as Gutzon Borglum, is an American phenomenon. Of Danish descent, he was born in Idaho and spent the first twenty years of his life on the American plains. That may explain some of the vast and spectacular quality of his artistic conceptions, for he is a sculptor who specializes in carving mountains. Like Roosevelt, who was his friend, he also loves a good fight, and that's probably why some of his contemporaries insist that he has a tendency to make a mountain out of a mole-hill.

Certainly he has been engaged in more controversies than any other living artist, and all of them haven't been about art, either. The range of his opinions and prejudices is only exceeded by the ardor and bluntness with which he expresses them. A lesser artist would have found his creative faculties weakened by this strenuous division of energies. Not Borglum, for the simple reason that art is to him but one of many forms of expressing his gusto for life. The inspiration for his statues comes from the same central-fire of intense enthusiasm that has led him into politics, sports and other adventures unrelated to art. Nowadays we are apt to forget that Socrates was a soldier, that Da Vinci's interests were not confined to painting, and that Dean Swift's major concern in life was not the composition of immortal satires.

From St. Mary's College in Kansas he studied art in San Francisco and then went abroad to Paris, the Julian Academy and the Beaux Arts. His first exhibitions there included paintings as well as sculptures, and both won high praise. After several years' residence abroad he came to New York and opened a studio. There he executed a series of murals for a hotel in Manchester, England, and modeled his "Horses of Diomedes" which was acquired by the Metropolitan. He gave up painting to concentrate on sculpture, and his statues and monuments are now to be found in numerous American cities, in Italy and in Poland.

Almost from the day he returned to this country in 1901 he made his dynamic personality felt. Early in his career he shook the art world with a blast to the effect that almost all American art was being "cribbed" from European models, and that our architecture instead of expressing contemporary America was "peeking over its shoulder" at the buildings of antiquity. If this explosion marked him as exceptional, his next public appearance earned him the reputation of being eccentric as well. When he was called upon to speak at the annual dinner of the National Arts Club he astonished his audience, and the readers of the following day's newspapers, by holding forth with great earnestness on the need for a new kind of table fork that would have only two broad prongs!

He was commissioned to execute a statue of Governor Altgeld for Chicago, but the Municipal Art Commission found fault with the finished product. By way of conciliating his critics Borglum remarked: "I forget more about sculptural art overnight than the Commission knows in a life time."

He went into politics, served a term in the Connecticut State Assembly and later actively campaigned for Roosevelt on the Progressive ticket. During the War President Wilson, who was also a friend of his, commissioned him to investigate alleged inefficiency of airplane manufacturing here. With typical impetuosity Borglum stirred up a hornets' nest of grave charges. Eventually his numerous accusations came to nothing, but for weeks the row he precipitated was front-page copy.

Then came the famous Stone Mountain fiasco. Daughters of the Confederacy called him down to Georgia to carve a head of Lee on the side of the mountain. Instead, Borglum convinced them that the monument should contain 1200 figures, including Lee, Jackson, Davis and other outstanding heroes of the "lost cause." The magnitude of the undertaking is indicated by the fact that the carved figures were to be 130 feet in height. Money was raised, Congress even approved the minting of $5,000,000 worth of specially designed fifty-cent pieces whose sale was to raise necessary funds for the memorial, and Borglum toured and made speeches to rouse up enthusiasm.

The project was begun in 1916. It was interrupted by the war and resumed in 1924. Only the colossal head of General Lee was executed when Borglum began to have differences with the committee in charge and was dismissed from his place as "constructing artist, architect and engineer." In anger he destroyed his models and fled from Georgia. A warrant was issued for his arrest and he was indicted by a grand jury for malicious and mischievous destruction of property. He was arrested in North Carolina, obtained his release and went on to New York. A controversy raged over the matter for five years. Last year he was finally invited again to take up the work where he had left off. When he appeared at Atlanta, to accept the commission he blandly reminded the committee that they were dealing with an "indicted felon."

In the meantime Borglum had been commissioned to design and carve the four colossal figures of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt on Mount Rushmore in the Black Hills of South Dakota, as a memorial federally authorized and built with state funds. President Coolidge officially dedicated the initiation of the work and was subsequently invited to compose the 500-word history of the United States that was to be carved beneath it. Borglum didn't approve of the former president's copy and promptly edited it. Mr. Coolidge objected and withdrew the piece. Without being at all awed by the fact that some magazines have paid Mr. Coolidge tremendous prices for his writings, Borglum made it plain that he didn't think the former president's English was beautiful enough to deserve being carved in letters three feet high for posterity to read.

"Posterity will hold me responsible for it, whether I wrote it or not," exclaimed Borglum, "and I want it right."

Borglum's peaceful home-life is in marked contrast to his turbulent public career. He is married and has two children. He has a large estate near Stamford, Connecticut, but his winters are spent in San Antonio. Among other numerous projects he is now engaged on a vast undertaking to beautify the waterfront of Corpus Christi Bay, the plans including a giant figure of Christ, anchored a mile from shore, as though walking on the waters. Borglum himself is a short, dark-eyed little man with a bald head, broad shoulders and a bristling moustache. He speaks rapidly, with many gestures and great intensity. He will be sixty-four years old in March, but his stand on the matter of Mr. Coolidge's history makes it plain that time hasn't thinned his warrior's blood. They say that when Heine died he asked that a sword be placed upon his bier, as a symbol of the causes he had fought for. On Borglum's bier they will have to place a sculptor's mallet—but one with a very long handle.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Legacy

AFTER the funeral some one had asked him would he be all right? And he had said sure, he'd be all right.

(Other boys not as old as him got along all right without their fathers.)

And some one had said well, what was he going to do? And didn't he think he'd better stop at the Children's Society until he'd got himself a job and was through with school? And he had said, sure; not liking to say anything more about it.

(Fourteen looked sort of old for a Children's Society, but he guessed he was lucky to have a place to sleep.)

And some one else had remarked carelessly, well, his father hadn't left much of anything, had he?

It was true that his father had been buried in his only suit—the same one he was wearing when they had pulled him out from under the car that had killed him. And, the only things lying around the room (a cotton dressing gown on a hook, a calendar advertising a radio store, and in the crooked bureau a pair of old socks and some papers of matches) were none of them worth much. Did he have to speak up about what was in his pocket?

He had swallowed and looked around from one person to another, thinking he' d better speak up, maybe. But not a word had come to him. He had closed his hands inside his pockets on what he had there, and a slow steady feeling had come over him that this was all there was left of his father, and if he gave it up to other people then there would be nothing.

Afterwards, during the year at the Children's Society, he had been too busy working in the restaurant at night and in school by day, to have much time to himself. But when he was alone he would take out what his father had left him and have the feeling all over again.

The world must be a dangerous place, thought the boy in the beginning when he looked at the things his father had left him. They were a pistol, a strong knife and something that appeared to be another pistol. But that was clever—for the boy knew it was really a cigarette case. And though as he got on well at school and grew to like the work in the restaurant he became more confident of the world, he still felt when he looked at his pistol, his knife and his cigarette case, that his father had met the world with very great bravery.

At the end of a year, however, his gradual trust in the world received a tremendous boost, for a letter arrived from his uncle. His uncle evidently lived a great distance out West—a distance equal to twenty-five dollars. But he wished the boy to come to him and sent the twenty-five dollars.

It seemed unbelievable, but it was true. At only fifteen he could leave the Society, move on to a new school in a beautiful country, live with his own relatives and be able to work on a farm. It might look a little foolish he thought to arrive with a knife, a pistol, and a cigarette case that looked like another pistol. Nevertheless, just as he had been unable to speak of it in the beginning, he found himself unable to leave his legacy behind.

In the railroad station of the first big city he came to, his pockets were picked. He could scarcely believe it. But he had been asleep. That was his own fault. And the thief had left him seventy-five cents. What should he do now? He could hardly telegraph his uncle for more money—his uncle had sent it to him once. That was enough. He must somehow get there by himself. Perhaps it would be cheaper if he traveled to the next big city on a boat. He might work his way on a boat.

When he got off the boat in the second big city he was feeling very grateful to the engineer. For the engineer had managed it for him and made it possible for him to travel so far at a cost of only sixty cents. For he still had fifteen cents and a third of his journey was behind him.

But this was a great city he was in, so great that he had tramped over only a fraction of it and was nowhere near a railroad station, nor had he found a way to earn his ticket or even a meal when the day was about gone. He found himself on a tremendous bridge on which trains twisted and motors fled like cats and people scurried by like ants, while underneath, the boats moved steadily, intent on some other place. He thought soberly about his problem.

His father had been a brave man, always ready for danger. But since he himself had begun to face the world he had found no use whatever for a pistol. The world had been wonderful to him. It had treated him white. He decided he would never need a pistol, and he was old enough now to remember his father without it. Besides he would still have the knife and cigarette case. Of the three, the pistol was most valuable.

He undid his bundle and looked around him carefully for he felt it was important to choose the right person. So, pistol in hand, he stepped up finally to a policeman.

"Can you tell me," he asked him respectfully, "where I can sell this pistol? You wouldn't care to buy it, would you, for yourself?"

The policeman stared and choked, and found his voice at last.

"Say," said the policeman laying his hand upon the boy's arm. "You know what ye are? Ye're arrested. Now come along with me," he added, grimly starting heavily ahead, "an' if ye can think of a story . . . tell it."

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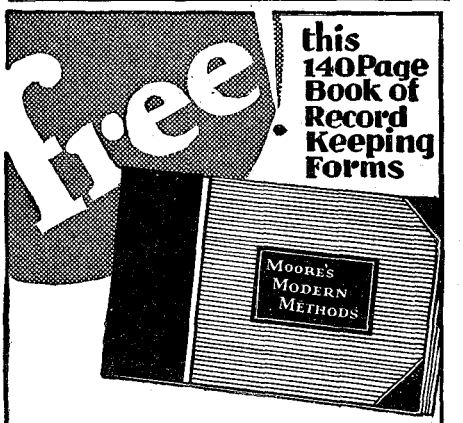

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Gramophonia

Notable New Recordings

SO FAR as I'm concerned the news of the week in the field of phonograph records is the appearance in semi-bootleg circles of *Dein ist mein ganzes Herz* from Franz Lehar's *Das Land des Lachelns* played by Jack Hylton and his orchestra from London. I say semi-bootleg because it is a His Master's Voice record made in England which, presumably, the Victor Company will eventually issue here. It can now be obtained in a few shops in New York —notably the Gramophone Shop at 18 East 48th St. This is Viennese light operatic music treated in fresh, vigorous fashion by Mr. Hylton (who recently would seem to have hired a brilliant arranger) and there is a vocal chorus by an anonymous tenor who sounds suspiciously like Richard Tauber and is of unsurpassable excellence for this type of song. The reverse side of the disk has an interesting version of an English ditty called *Handsome Gigolo* which would otherwise be of no importance whatever. But *Dein ist mein ganzes Herz* is worth any four light orchestral records I ever heard. Hear it and you'll want to have it.

To show you I'm not too easily pleased I'm pausing to wonder how Victor ever came to release Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto in D played by Mischa Elman and the London Symphony Orchestra[1]. The recording of the orchestra is blurred and careless and M. Elman is continually slightly, but definitely, out of tune—especially in the cadenza. If you want a good recording of this work the Gramophone Shop will give you Bronislaw Huberman and the Berlin State Opera Orchestra on Odeon disks for two dollars less than the Victor set and throw in a delightful rendering of Tchaikovsky's *Melodie, Opus* 42, No. 3, for good measure. These two are essential possessions for the lover and collector of Tchaikovsky.

Lovers of piano music of the slightly aging school have been well treated by both Victor and Columbia lately. The former have given us Rachmaninoff's superb playing of Chopin's *Sonata in B Flat Minor, Opus* 35[2], and the latter Leopold Godowsky's no less brilliant rendition of the Schumann *Carnaval, Opus* 9[3]. Both sets of records show good recording from the mechanical standpoint and an obvious fondness for the music and more than competence for its playing.

O. C-T.

1. Victor. Masterpiece Album No. 79.
2. Victor. Masterpiece Album No. 95.
3. Columbia. Masterworks Album No. 145.

A Cross for Connecticut Bossism

(Continued from Page 64)

legislation or political strategy affords.

The rehabilitation of the Democratic party in Connecticut has yet to be crystallized. The leadership is in his hands and they are capable. Now there will be no Sentimental Journeys for Roraback to make to this stern critic in the Executive mansion. Governor Cross has dealt for so long with the intricacies of scholarship, the tempests that are raised over academic problems, the English novel and prose style, that he is not overimpressed with anything. He inherits the problems of unemployment and depression from his Republican predecessor, but the state Democratic party he has resuscitated is his own creation. Instead of writing a book he will be dealing with problems that affect the welfare of thousands of living people. Like most literary men he will enjoy doing that and the transition to a political meeting from the cloistered tables of the American Academy of Arts and Letters will be a change for him and for American politics.

The Voice of the Corn Belt

(Continued from Page 54)

little short of the required two-thirds finally approved it in the House.

In 1926, Norris, feeling that Senator McNary, who was sponsoring the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill, would have more influence as chairman of the Agricultural Committee, voluntarily resigned that chairmanship to the younger man. This in itself was almost an unprecedented act when there was no chairmanship of equal or greater importance for Norris to take, but the latter believed it an appropriate means of forwarding the relief legislation. By this act, the Nebraskan reduced his activities in this field to a somewhat secondary position. But within a year the chairmanship of the even more important Judiciary Committee fell to him, and here he soon found in the so-called anti-injunction legislation a new major interest to restore his trio of major objectives.

Meanwhile, his legislative abilities rose to new heights. His speeches on the Senate floor—never prepared and never spectacular in the Borah style—gained new aptness. His long study of the problems to which he had instinctively addressed himself was reflected in a new terseness and pungency. He developed an ironic humor as an oratorical weapon almost as effective, if not more so, than the biting invective of Jim Reed of Missouri. Senate reporters still recall the day, during the last tariff debate, when he dubbed a Senate tableful of imported foreign products "Joe Grundy's Piggly-Wiggly Tariff Store," and used this idea as the text for a humorous and ironic address which one Senator described as the finest tariff speech he had ever heard.

This address was delivered within eighteen hours of the time when Norris was struck and run over by an automobile as he was leaving the Capitol. The close-knit, rugged frame developed as a farm boy and maintained by the swimming and tramping he does each summer in his Wisconsin cottage retreat has served him well. A few weeks later when Senators were complaining of overwork and urging a summer recess with the tariff left unfinished, Norris scoffed at them and told them they were soft and indolent.

"I am ready to stay all summer," he said with his typical gentle humor, "and I think the farmers who are seeking relief through this tariff have a right to demand that we all stay. I am in good shape; when an automobile struck me a few weeks ago, the grinding and crunching of the wheels simply massaged and invigorated me."

The Norris irony never becomes bitter, either on the Senate floor or in private conversation. Always ready to concede the most sincere motives to his opponents until every one agrees they are otherwise, his attacks are launched normally against policies rather than persons. He can assail the "cowardly, underhanded, dishonorable and dishonest methods" of Mr. Lucas against him, but agree in the next sentence that Lucas or the whole Republican party had a perfect right to try to defeat him so long as the effort was made openly. He can fight persistently for an objective, and still admit quizzically, in a voice that smacks of an honest countryman, that "Mebbe I'm wrong." And that he has often been wrong in the past he will as readily agree.

There is little that one can write of the "personality" type about a man like Norris. After one has mentioned his kindliness, his complete personal disinterestedness and sincerity, his transparent honesty, one has about summed him up.

He invariably wears a black bow tie which looks as if it might be ready-tied. His plain sack suits are usually dark gray and always appear to be faithfully worn to the maximum compatible with neatness. An old-style gold watch chain crosses his modest middle. He lives in an apartment house a couple of miles from the Capitol, along with Senatorial secretaries, newspaper men,

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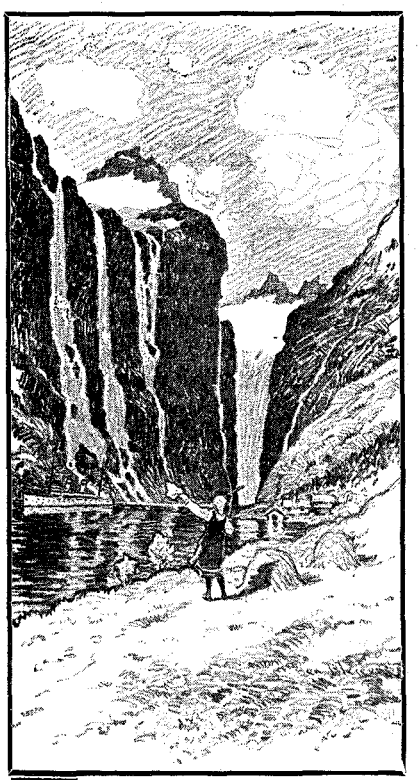
Federal employees and like plain folk. He and his wife—his children are grown and married—never go in society and his evenings and Sundays are mostly spent in reading government reports, modern books on political and economic problems, and some novels, of which those of the pioneer homespun type of the late Herbert Quick's are among his favorites.

He is, of course, a dry, both personal and political, but even with prohibition one of the chief issues in the land, one naturally forgets to mention that until the last. Norris believes that prohibition might be enforced with honest administration, but he is so concerned with economic problems that one may observe him in action for a year without knowing where he stands on the Eighteenth Amendment. If he has any personal ambition, it is to go back to Nebraska to spend a term as Governor seeking to give the State a "model government," and then to retire to a neat little bungalow "just across the street from the park." But there seems little doubt now, after his striking victory last fall, that the people of Nebraska and the nation will keep him here in the Senate, fighting the battle for "social justice" as long as his tough, wiry frame will continue to carry him through his daily tasks. At sixty-nine, he looks good for many years more.



Norway
THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

ELSIE McCORMICK, famous columnist, writes in the New York World: "There are few things more futile than attempts to describe the Norwegian scenery. It was so beautiful it actually reduced American tourists to silence. There ought to be special adjectives to be used only on the Norwegian fjords or on the automobile roads through what seems to be the white attic of the world. The leisurely trip from Bergen to Nidaros I rank highest from the scenic standpoint of all the vacations of my holiday-loving life."

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Toward the Abolition of Football

(Continued from Page 59)

to gratify personal ambition. Signal practice, position drill and play rehearsals degenerate into drudgery. There is little of the joyous informality which characterizes our English brothers' Rugby.

There is a kind of fierce elation in a clean tackle, a savage body block, or a bone-crunching pile-up, but the element of fun in American football is pretty well suppressed. The ball carrier has his compensating moments; so does the pass receiver or the punter who gets his kick away in the teeth of a surging wave of blockers, but if it were a question of pure enjoyment, you wouldn't see many boys playing varsity football. The business of turning out a high-pressure team is too grim, too deadly serious, to foster that relaxed, care-free, all-in-fun spirit which is the essence of recreation.

What we are driving at is this: would the students at Harvard and Yale respond to the lesser incentive of interhouse football bereft of the blaring bands, the packed stadiums (stadia if you insist that the Greeks had a word for it), the cheering thousands, and the associated pageantry peculiar to intercollegiate sport? Would the boys of Dunster House hurl themselves against the lads from Gore Hall with the ardent impetuosity they now reserve for their West Point and Dartmouth rivals?

I doubt it. Your football player must be stimulated by a more compelling urge than intramural rivalry. He cannot enter wholeheartedly into his starkly primitive game unless roused by the sight of an alien jersey. What's the use of quibbling—football is war, and how can you get steamed up emotionally unless the barbarian is at the gate?

Intramural sports do not jibe with the highly competitive American temperament. The interhouse system is better adapted to school boys than to college students. The plan functions smoothly at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.; games between club teams furnish a substitute for interscholastic rivalry, but this attempt to anglicize American athletics is not enthusiastically received at schools less subject to English influence.

By the way, Dr. Lowell forgot one vital factor. In proposing the one game schedule he neglected to tell us who would foot the bill for Harvard's elaborate athletics-for-all program if the gridiron revenue was reduced to the Harvard-Yale game gate receipts. It may be vulgar to mention money in the same breath as ideals, but somebody has to pay and pay and pay!

Red Herring

(Continued from Page 61)

In all this discussion we must remember that the danger lies not in dishonest men but in dishonest institutions. There can be no doubt that the leaders of the administration are thoroughly and honestly convinced of the basic truth of the seepage theory of prosperity. With the exception of Mr. Harding and some of his associates, it is perfectly certain that no man has reached the presidency and not more than three or four have sat in the Cabinet of the United States who have been willing to sacrifice their reputation to their pocket.

We have had, of course, incompetent public officers. We have had presidents, such as General Grant, unable to control the storm of corruption that bubbled up from the community, but no intelligent person could for one moment seriously impugn the personal honesty of Grant himself. We have had presidents

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too hesitant to lead and we have had presidents who relied too little on their own conclusions and too much on the advice of their friends. The worst that can be said of high officials as a group is that many of them have been willing to sacrifice their hope of a permanent place in history to the necessities of daily life and preferred immediate to permanent applause.

I am not suggesting that those who control the conditions of life in the United States, economically and politically, are not personally serious in their faith in the seepage theory. I am doing a thing far more important: I am contesting the theory itself. It is true, of course, that the seepage theory directly benefits most of its conscious supporters but the coincidence of interest and belief is no new thing. From the beginning of our history the famous New England conscience has always been most responsive to reflexes from the pocket nerve.

The governing class, however, must be responsible to the majority of the people to whom theories are merely theories and who cannot be shaken from a fundamental preference for direct rather than indirect benefits. An administration which promised two years ago to abolish poverty should not be allowed to escape the responsibility for unemployment and for business troubles by the simple expedient of complaining against the malice of a government six thousand miles away already amply provided with troubles of its own.

As a matter of fact our system of government is basically satisfactory to the people of the United States. If our government officials would choose to consider the interests of the vast majority of the community, rather than those of political contributors, there would be nothing whatsoever for any malicious enemy to take hold of in making an attack. I have no fear whatsoever of the Sovietists as long as our government is controlled by men willing to give a fair hearing to any citizen and willing to consider the justified grievances of every class. It can safely tolerate the expression of any opinion firmly trusting in the strength of the light of truth but if it should degenerate permanently into a government by and for one class of the community, if public office shall become more and more a thing bought and sold, it will indeed be in danger but it will be in danger not from those who sympathize with the principles now being experimented with in Russia but from those who believe in the principles supported and tested in the United States for more than a century.

It has apparently never occurred to the managing group that the best remedy for discontentment is the cure of grievances. The only serious proposal made is that of Elihu Root who suggests that a new force of secret police should be raised, this force to have the special duty of searching out those dissatisfied with conditions here and bringing them to punishment. It has also been suggested that deportation should be the lot of any foreign-born person who should dare to attend radical meetings. In practice, this would mean doubling that horde of special agents and spies that is now attempting to enforce the Volstead Act and by its corruption and brutality is making the law even more contemptible than it actually is.

"Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God" is an American and not a Russian maxim. It is the duty as well as the right of every free citizen to criticize openly and boldly the faults of the government and it is for the governing class to listen to these criticisms and to learn from them. The disrespect which has been generated by the Volstead Act and which will be generated by statutes attacking the freedom of expression is the healthy reaction of a free people. I am glad that I can count on my fellow citizens to resist such unjust statutes; I would rather see my countrymen lawless than obsequious.

Nothing could be more dangerous than to allow malice and envy to ally themselves with honest discontent denied all remedy. Envy and malice alone can be no source of danger to any country. Their ambition can only be reached by playing on the justified grievances of the unprivileged. The people will seek persistently for remedies from the proper authorities and it is only when it has become clear that such remedies are not forthcoming that they will listen in their despair to the quack and the demagogue and the charlatan.

The Russian Bear in Business

(Continued from Page 58)

since become the most universally known and oft-repeated phrase in all Russia—"The Five-Year Plan in Four Years."

The actual progress recorded up to Oct. 1, 1930, during the first half of the revised time allotment for the whole of the Plan, is difficult to evaluate. From the numerous detailed figures made public it appears that in some few divisions of production the output is ahead of the revised schedule, while in others it is considerably behind. In general the increase in the output of light industry has been less rapid than that of heavy industry, although it is explained by the Soviet authorities that this possibility was contemplated from the beginning.

A word is perhaps in order at this point as to the reliability of the Russian official statistics upon which we are obliged to rely. Inasmuch as these are prepared primarily for the State Planning Commission as guides in the coordination and direction of the whole of the program, it is probably safe to accept them as being on the whole as accurate as the data published by other governments. Colonel Hugh L. Cooper, the eminent American consulting engineer who has spent much of his time in Russia during the past few years supervising the construction on the

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Dnieper River of the largest hydro-electric plant in the world and who is intimately acquainted with the men who are directing the whole of the Five-Year Plan, makes the following declaration:

"Of course I do not say that all of the Soviet official statements are perfect, because my experience has been limited to those affecting our work. But during the last four and a half years we have had to study many official statistics relating to our job, and we have yet to find even a semi-important error in any statement made to us by any Soviet official."

According to reports recently issued by Valerian V. Quibesheff, president of the State Planning Commission, some of the most important results of the first two years of operation of the Five-Year Plan have been as follows (value figures on the basis of unchanged prices):

Two years output of all planned industry, 30,456,000,000 rubles, against 29,338,000,000 planned.

Heavy industry, 13,764,000,000 rubles, against 12,476,000,000 planned.

Light industry, an increase of 33 per cent in 1929-30 over the year 1927-28, against 40 per cent planned.

Building construction, 4,605,000,000 rubles, against 3,990,000,000 planned.

Coal, 85,709,000 metric tons, against 87,700,000 planned.

Steel, 10,200,000 metric tons, against 9,900,000 planned.

Oil, 30,766,000 metric tons, against 28,000,000 planned.

Electrical goods, 781,000,000 rubles, against 588,000,000 planned.

Agricultural Machinery, 515,000,000 rubles, against 472,000,000 planned.

Total crop areas sown increased from 118,000,000 hectares in 1928-29 to 127,700,000 in 1929-30.

Marketable grain produced in 1929-30, 32.6 per cent above the provisions of the Plan.

Railway freight carried in the two years, 409,200,000 metric tons, against 350,900,000 planned.

Electric power consumed in the year 1929-30, 8,000,000,000 kw.h., as compared with 6,209,000,000 in 1928-29, and about 2,000,000,000 in 1913-14.

Leaving the statistical record of actual performance for a moment, it will become evident upon reflection that there are certain "key" activities which will profoundly affect the success of both the Five-Year Plan and of those that are to come after its completion. These are the general progress of the agricultural program, the transportation system, and the financial administration. Neither of the three can be more than briefly touched upon here, but their importance should be understood as vital parts of the entire undertaking.

In agriculture the most striking development is the success of the great state farms, started by the Soviet Government to replace the grain for city consumption and for export formerly bought from the well-to-do peasants, who are being progressively eliminated as such. But far more important than the state farms to the whole of Russian agriculture is the movement for collective or socialized farming, in which small holdings are thrown together for industrial operation. It is this movement which in the long run will probably determine the completeness of Russia's success in transforming herself into an industrial nation. Thus far, in spite of a severe setback at the beginning of 1930 on account of too much zeal in forcing rather than persuading Russian peasants to join the collectives, the movement appears to be going forward in a healthy fashion. According to the Five-Year Plan the proportion of the farming area in the principal grain growing districts to be under operation as state farms and collectives together by Oct. 1, 1933, was 43 per cent, whereas the proportion had actually reached 50 per cent by Oct. 1, 1930. Of the total area under cultivation in the whole of Russia under the Five-Year Plan 20 per cent was to be operated as state and collective farms by 1933, whereas actually by Oct. 1, 1930, the proportion so operated had reached 30 per cent.

As to the results obtained and to be expected, the most valuable testimony from non-Russian sources is probably that of Thomas C. Campbell, America's largest farmer, who has been retained by the Soviet Government as an adviser in the operation of its great state farms and who might almost be described as the father of modern Russian agriculture. Here is what he says:

"Without making any prediction as to the ultimate application of the principles of Socialism on Russian farms, I am firmly convinced that the great majority of them will very shortly be operated as industrial units, on a scale and to an extent hardly dreamed of in other countries. I am equally certain, moreover, that from a technical point of view Russia's method of attacking the agricultural problem is the right method and one which will have to be adopted eventually by other countries, although I do not believe that Communism is either necessary or desirable for industrialized farming."

With regard to the transportation system, it may be remarked that thus far it has stood the strain imposed by the increased traffic requirements. It must, however, be greatly expanded to meet the needs of the country as produc-

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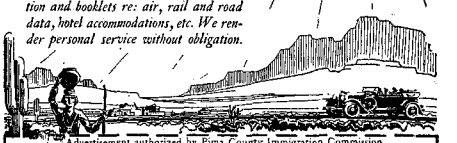

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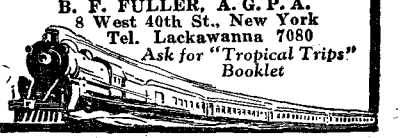

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tion is still further increased, and the Soviet Government has retained the services of Ralph Budd, president of the Great Northern Railway Company, to make a thorough survey of the Russian railway system and outline the methods in making the necessary improvement and expansion. Mr. Budd's report, which has been submitted to the Soviet Government, has not been made public, but he has made the following statement:

"During our visit in U. S. S. R., we found the railways functioning quite normally and freight and passengers being moved with fair promptness .... In order to handle the large increases in traffic which are expected, there must be additional trackage and railway equipment ....

"While this is a large and expensive program of work, like work has been accomplished in America, where during the past twenty-five to thirty years main line tracks have been rebuilt, terminal facilities have been enlarged, and equipment has been replaced with new, larger, and more efficient equipment. The difference in problem in U. S. S. R. lies largely in the time element. Aside from the necessity of at once changing from the screw coupler to the safety automatic coupler, strong enough for use on heavy trains, and for the speed which may be required for other improvements in order to meet the conditions imposed by the industrialization program, the problem facing the Russian railways is similar to that which has been met and solved by every great railway system in the United States."

The financial system of Russia baffles all analysis according to the principles in vogue in other countries. In any other country the amount of currency now in circulation in relation to the gold reserve would no doubt constitute simply fiat money, but since the entire process is under control, the standards of other countries do not apply. About all that can be said of Russia's financial administration, therefore, is that if the men responsible for its operation are capable of handling their immensely complicated job, it will suffice for Russia's needs. Those men are in a position to adjust almost at will prices of commodities, the volume of currency and credit outstanding, and the amount of revenues received by the state. Moreover, they are free from the more difficult problems of foreign exchange, since they are in a position to control, through regulation of imports and exports and all other foreign transactions, all the elements of Russia's balance of international payments. In actual performance so far, the conclusion seems to be obvious that the system in vogue in Russia has met the needs of the country, and there is not much reason to doubt that it will continue to do so for at least a few years longer—that is, until the Five-Year Plan is completed.

Returning now to the more specific accomplishments under that Plan, it will be evident from a consideration of the quoted figures that no definite percentage can be arrived at as the measure of success. According to estimates made by representatives of the Soviet Government, based upon national income, the increase to be registered by the aggregate of all lines of production by the end of the second year on the five-year schedule should have been 28.2 per cent, whereas the actual increase was 30.3 per cent; and it is pointed out that the rate of progress can be more rapidly accelerated during the coming two years on account of the greater quantities of productive equipment installed to date and of the experience gained. In fact the president of the State Planning Commission is emphatic in his insistence that the accomplishment of the Five-Year Plan in four years is assured.

Colonel Cooper believes that the essentials of the program will certainly be accomplished, although he is not sure that it ca be done in four years. Speaking of the men in control of the government and of the Russian people, he says:

"As to whether they will complete the Five-Year Program in five years, or whether they may be able to reduce the time to four and a half years, is not particularly important. That the Five-Year Plan was wisely conceived in the main, and that it will be successful in eventually solving the difficulties it was designed for, I have no doubt. It will always be a great monument in history to the sacrifices which 160,000,000 people are putting forth to raise their standard of living. The outside world will be amazed at what they see when the ignorance concerning Russia is removed from the world picture."

Various other observers, particularly newspaper men, have expressed more or less similar opinions. Edwin L. James of the New York *Times* estimates that the Five-Year Plan is being carried out to the extent of sixty-five per cent, although he does not specify whether he is referring to the revised program of completing the task in four years or not. H. R. Knickerbocker of the New York *Evening Post*, after an extended tour of Russia, has published a series of twenty-four articles containing much interesting and striking descriptive matter, from which he concludes, among other things:

"When one draws the balance sheet of the Five-Year Plan at the end of its second year, the credits appear to overbalance the debits to such a degree that an original judgment based upon the wretched appearance of the population must be reversed. The plan up to now has gone far toward the achievement of its primary aim to strengthen the Soviet state."

Among other important dispatches and reports published in recent months are those of Walter Duranty of the New York *Times*, W. H. Chamberlin of *The Christian Science Monitor*, and "a representative" of the London *Economist*, the latter being the most extensive survey by a non-Russian observer of the Five-Year Plan in operation that has appeared in English. In general these observers agree that the accomplishments to date have been far greater than any sane person outside of Russia two years ago would have dreamed possible. They agree, further, that the original figures established for the first stage of Russia's industrialization are fairly certain to be reached within a few years at all events, whether in two, three, or more, the actual time limit being a matter of secondary importance to the outside world.

Such, in effect, is the conclusion to be suggested here. The rulers of Russia and their staff of assistants have proved themselves capable for two years of directing and coordinating—after their fashion, and whether we approve their methods or not—the most stupendous economic undertaking in the history of

Through a Glass Darkly

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of January 10, 1951

"The President was entirely justified," declared Chairman White of the Congressional committee investigating public receptions at the White House during the past four years, "in employing a double to shake hands with the public. Before the practice became known, the President conserved his strength and thousands of citizens went away happy."

The director of the British Museum expressed his strong disapproval of the proposal, made by the Labor Premier, to restore the Elgin marbles to the Parthenon.

The Editorial League of America awarded its 1950 prize to the Birdville Gazette for a perfect score in using and spelling correctly all foreign words and phrases including *communiqué, flair, hoi polloi, coupé* and *coupe.*

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the world and there is every reason to believe that, barring wars or other calamities, they will be able to continue to do so for two, or three, or five years longer. As to the masses of the Russian people, there is at least some reason to believe that in spite of their present privations they are being better supplied with the necessities of life than at any time in the past, except possibly for a brief period immediately preceding the adoption of the Five-Year Plan. And even that period may not constitute an exception for the population as a whole, since according to official statistics the actual output of consumption goods in Russia, less the exports, plus the few imports, was greater in the economic year 1929-30 than in any previous year.

It is reasonable to conclude, therefore, that in all probability the first great step of Russia's transformation from an agricultural to an industrial nation can and will be made. At the same time the second great assumption upon which the success of the Russian experiment rests may be declared for all practical purposes valid:—The Russian people can and will endure the privations necessary for the accomplishment of the first step in the transformation. As to the steps to follow, the problem of making predictions is more difficult and complicated, just as the problems of Russia's rulers will themselves become more complex. The first step is being taken with the driving force of something akin to religious emotion, which may or may not endure. Discussion of the long run possibilities, therefore, will partake much more of the nature of pure speculation than the foregoing analysis. In a second article a modest amount of such speculation will be attempted, together with certain suggestions as to the probable future relationship of the Russian economic system to that of the rest of the world.

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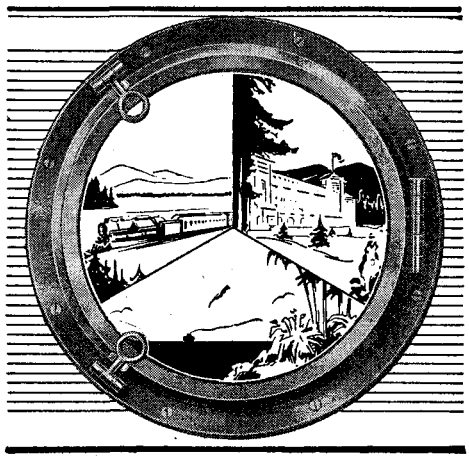

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With Our Readers

What's Wrong with the Movies?

To the Editor: *Erie, Pa.*

SIR—To me Creighton Peet's contribution in the December 17 Outlook, "A Letter to Hollywood," is most timely and pertinent.

I suppose that if he knew me and my tastes he would probably classify me as a "highbrow" regarding my movie fare. As such I am continually disgusted at a couple of things that I think it might be well to bring to the notice of the producers, in addition to the points which he has already so ably presented.

One of the things I have in mind is that in instance after instance a good and successful play or book will be movie-ized, usually with an excellent cast, but with story, plot, unity and every other dramatic value so garbled and hashed that the original would be barely recognizable as having been taken as even a pattern for the movie. We presume that the producers are persuaded to tackle these things because the book or the play has become famous or has justified its existence by surviving for many years, or because it came from the pen of some author or dramatist who has justified his existence as such. Furthermore, we presume that they are persuaded to project such subjects because they feel that a public which knows or which has heard considerable about such books and plays would like to see them pictorially produced—and we all recognize that in many, many cases a movie version can be more thrilling, or more appealing, or more comprehensive, or even more beautiful, as the case may be, because of its greater flexibility and command of natural resources.

Then what do the producers do? As has been said, they garble and hash and "improve" and cut and warp the subject which we are looking forward to seeing to such an extent that it becomes unrecognizable and disappointing, often to the point of disgust. They let us down most horribly, with the result that we become suspicious of all such attractions and, as Mr. Peet says, we stay away.

My second point is that with a production of this sort founded on an established and accepted book or play that *has* justified its existence and has become known under its original title for what it is, why then is it necessary to disguise it in such a way that nobody knows what it is? If the producers were to be simply honest about such things, put these things out under their true colors and their *true titles*, the people that know them and appreciate them in the original would flock to see them on the screen. Many times I have found that I have missed a really good production of a really worthwhile subject, having been told about it after it has appeared at a theater in my neighborhood, only to find out from a description of it by one who has seen it that it was a play which I knew and would have enjoyed and perhaps derived considerable profit from, but which, because the title under which it was masquerading was so completely unsuggestive of the original, meant absolutely nothing to me. A splendid case in point has been perpetrated right here in Erie within the last couple of weeks—Arliss's performance of Galsworthy's *The Heroic* which was camouflaged under the name of *Old English*.

JOHN R. METCALF.

[EDITORS' NOTE: While it is true that Galsworthy's stage play *Old English*, (in which George Arliss also appeared) was made from one of Mr. Galsworthy's earlier short stories called *The Heroic*, the play has never, we believe, been known either in this country or in England by any other title than *Old English*. The film produced by the Warners was a faithful transcript of this same play.]

How to Behave at Concerts

To the Editor: *Upper Darby, Pa.*

SIR—No doubt there are many who read your various articles and agree with them. However, I believe the majority who take time to think, disagree with many of them; in fact, I have about come to the conclusion that many of your writings are expressly for the purpose of stirring up discussion among your readers. If such be the case your magazine should be a success.

I have been inclined many times to write about some peculiar brain-child you put in print, but have decided "what's the use?" However, your article. "Stokowski-ism," in the December 24 issue, is absolutely beyond the point.

I had season tickets for a number of years to seats in the Orchestra Circle at the Academy of Music for the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts and the majority of the audience—all over the house—arrived and were seated before the program began; there are always a few who seem to consider it "the thing" to parade in and annoy everyone else while the music is in progress. The music—or any play or performance—is for the enjoyment of the many not for the convenience of a few; many of the best moving picture houses do not permit a few stragglers to push their way back and forth in the aisles during the main production. This ruling is due to the demand from the majority that they be permitted to take their entertainment in comfort. When the late-comers have seats in the middle of the row—which is usually the case—they seem to enjoy the experience of annoying others more; probably they feel they are getting more attention, which is really what most of them crave.

So far as coughing at the Jose Iturbi recital at the Mayflower, or at any other place, is concerned, it is a well-known fact that a cough or a sneeze can be retarded by a little effort or—at the worst—the use of a handkerchief will help greatly in preventing one's advertising oneself . . . . Individuality has its place, but real culture considers the rights of the many rather than the selfish convenience of itself . . . .

ALBERT FRY.

The Dry Decade

To the Editor: *Cleveland*

SIR—You are to be congratulated, and ought to receive the thanks of all your readers, for having published Charles Merz's, "The Dry Decade," one of the most interesting, best written and fairest historical writings I have ever read.

I hope that work will be published in book form and that it will prove to be one of the best of best sellers. It affords a solid foundation of fact for discussion of the various phases of the prohibition question, and will tend to rationalize the views of both wets and drys. I venture to express the opinion that it has somewhat modified the Cato-like "Prohibitio est delenda" editorial attitude which had become rather tiresome to many readers of the Outlook.

I also believe that your readers would greatly appreciate a sketch of the life and work of Charles Merz.

M. W. SPEAR.

[EDITORS' NOTE—Charles Merz is a member of the editorial staff of the New York *World* and a frequent contributor to national publications. In 1918 he served on the American Commission to make peace. Mr. Merz is also the author of *The Great American Band Wagon* and *And Along Came Ford*. Publication of *The Dry Decade* is scheduled this month by Doubleday Doran & Company.]

Boomerang

To the Editor: *Washington*

SIR—First, let me say that I was never in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment. Excessive federal activity in state affairs, in my opinion, oversteps federal bounds.

A year ago when a friend presented me with a year's subscription to the Outlook I was elated over the prospect of widening my intellectual horizon—so much for hope! Somehow the elation dissolved into disappointment as the months revealed your attitude toward life.

Why are you so cynical? Such a spirit does not elevate yourselves nor your subscribers and the followers it wins are not wise thinkers. Human nature is far from perfect but why seek to uncover its faults and remain blind to equally visible virtues? Society is too much in need of constructive social engineering by intelligent people to waste good material in destructive methods. Gadflies have their uses but they are so picayune. Why tell the four winds your favorite indoor sport is that of cynical criticism? There is not a person nor an issue (save the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment) worthy of notice that you, apparently, believe is anything other than some one or something needing deflation.

Isn't there sufficient attraction in a building-up program to call out your highest energies? Minerva walks the world as well as Bacchus. Work for repeal if you wish but do eliminate the narrow-mindedness. Try to see the other person's point of view and give at least a modicum of credit for honesty of purpose . . . .

I am indebted to you for one thing: you have made a prohibitionist out of me.

M. C. STEVENS.

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